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PIONEER LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BY

J. W. HINES

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J. W. Hines

TOUCHING INCIDENTS

IN THE LIFE AND LABORS

OF A PIONEER

ON THE

PACIFIC COAST SINCE

1853

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS little volume had its conception in a strong and prevailing desire manifested amongst the early settlers on the Pacific Coast to learn something of each others past experience, and also at the same time, to study the character and capacity of the physical, social and intellectual materials that was fast aggregating into a new community for a new work and a new order. If the knowledge and inspiration derived from this source shall aid in any measure in promoting the cause of truth and the pleasures of human fellowship, we shall feel ourselves amply compensated for our time and toil.

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CHAPTER I.

History and Biography.

REV. JOSEPH WILKINSON HINES, the subject of this biographical sketch, is at the present writing (1904) the president of the Santa Clara County Society of California Pioneers, a member of the board of trustees of the University of the Pacific and also actively identified with several other local associations designed to promote the various material, social and intellectual interests of the State for whose expansion and upbuilding he has, in various relations, spent the prime and strength of his manhood. From the time his feet first pressed the soil of California, nearly half a century ago, until now, when his brow wears the silver crown of nearly four score years, his hand has never wearied and his heart has never faltered in honorable and intelligent effort to make his adopted state what it confessedly is at the present time—one of the grandest and most promising commonwealths in the great American Union. Independent but not obtrusive, zealous but not impulsive, possessed of a wonderful versatility, his mental habitudes were well adapted to the varied and pressing demands of a new and rapidly growing community, where ideals for future guidance were to be created, and various uplifting and progressive agencies were to be employed and fitted to the demands and exigencies of a rapidly shifting and varying scene. A mind thus endowed could scarcely be expected to remain indifferent to any phase of society that

might, in the process of social development, present itself for consideration by the people.

Mr. Hines, therefore, in common with many others at that early day in our history, lost no time in fearlessly grappling with all questions of interest as they successively presented themselves. His genius for planning and pushing forward all enterprises calculated to improve the conditions and prospects of society in all its essential needs was truly wonderful. No community that ever enjoyed the benefits of this counsel and labor but could show in many directions substantial evidences of his public-spirited efforts in its behalf. His consciousness of personal honesty and integrity would never allow him to apologize for appearing in the foremost ranks of progress and reform, or to participate in efforts to compromise with wrongdoing in order to gain some personal advantage by the sacrifice of the public good. His mind was never groping in the dark alleys of agnostic uncertainty or striving to feel its dubious way in the twilight uncertainties of questionable expediency. With a positiveness sometimes bordering upon obstinacy he always stood

"Firm as an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass."

Like all men of advanced views, with positive and aggressive feelings and purposes, he was compelled at times to wait with patience for the day of vindication; but that day was sure to come, responsive to the demands of a faith that would never falter and a spiritual instinct that cheerfully allied itself with the omnipotent energies of eternal truth.

Mr. Hines, in common with a host of others of similar traits of character, was privileged to live during one of the most trying

eras in the history of the Pacific coast. And we are assured that to their wise and determined efforts the people of the present day are greatly indebted for the prosperous and enviable condition of its material, social and religious interests. But very few of those heroic men who faced the fearful crisis of 1860-1865 and saved human freedom for ourselves and for the world are with us today. Nearly all are now dwelling in that "city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The subject of this sketch took a prominent part in organizing the Republican party, which at that time was the only reliable force that could be depended upon to turn back the rapidly rising tide of secession in California. He was a delegate to the first general convention of that party in the State, served on the committee on platform, of which he was the chief author, and labored with unflagging industry and devotion in carrying the state for Lincoln and Stanford. This political victory saved the Pacific Coast from becoming plunged into the dark, yawning gulf of rebellion, and drew the eyes of the nation to her unrivaled importance as a member of the American Union.

When our national authorities wisely decided not to call for recruits for the Union army from California he took an active part in raising the seventeen thousand volunteers who so bravely and effectually guarded our extended frontier, which then reached from Puget Sound to the borders of Texas. It was those noble men who headed off the expedition from the South who were expected to form a junction with a band of conspirators from California and together sweep the whole coast into the Southern confederacy. Then Maximilian would have had an empire on the Pacific, and Jeff Davis another on the Atlantic,

and the sun of religious and civil liberty would have set forever. Men of today, will you remember the men who trod the burning sands of the desert and scaled the rocky summits of the mountains that you and your children might have a country to love and defend, and a brightening hope to cheer the generations yet unborn?

At the opening of our Civil War Mr. Hines received commissions from the proper authorities in the east to act as agent of both the sanitary and Christian associations on the Pacific Coast. He at once entered upon his work with his accustomed zeal and devotion. His entire time, together with all his surplus income, were freely given to the cause of the country; and his success in raising money and other supplies for the army was such as to call forth an autograph letter from General Grant, which he now has in his possession and which is kept as an heirloom valued beyond all price. The special incident which called forth this letter from the general may be stated in the following words: The ladies of Humboldt county, where Mr. Hines and family then resided, and where Grant, when but a captain in the United States army, had once been stationed, conceived the idea of sending a unique memorial present to Mrs. Grant. In order to do this, and at the same time raise funds for the Christian commission, they made a quilt composed of thirty-six separate and distinct Union flags, with the coat of arms of the United States wrought on a field of blue as a centerpiece, and the coat of arms of each state on a blue field for each separate banner. These thirty-six flags represented the number of states then in the Union, while eight silver spangles on the border stood for the number of the territories then existing. The material of

which this quilt was composed was beautiful colored silk, and the stars, numbering about six hundred, and the coat of arms, both of the United States, and of each separate state, were of floss silk, and all wrought by hand, nearly all by Mrs. Hines, she being especially skillful in the use of the needle. When this unique gift was completed (but very few people having been left into the secret) almost the entire population for miles around came together to witness the unveiling. It was given out that each banner would be sold separately and only those coming from the state the banner represented could vote upon it. The central field, representing the United States, was to be bid for promiscuously, without regard to state lines or nationality. The interest in the affair was most intense and at the close it was found that the sum of $2,400 had been raised for the cause of the Union. The quilt was then sent to Mrs. Grant, and in response the general returned the short but beautiful autograph letter now in the possession of Mr. Hines. When General Grant and his wife made the circuit of the world they visited San Jose and she stated to Mrs. Hines that she cherished that beautiful quilt, made by the ladies of Humboldt, as one of her most valued treasures.

Space will not permit of an extended recital of the thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes through which Mr. Hines passed in his travels over the coast during its pioneer history. They would fill a volume, and if told in his graphic and earnest style would be deeply interesting and instructive to future generations. His travels in the earlier days frequently took him among the Indians tribes of Oregon and northern California, and into association with the rough element of our frontier settle-

ments; but such was his tact and quiet, fearless demeanor that he never failed to command, and never lost the confidence and respect of both the good and the bad with whom he came in contact. He never carried about his person any deadly weapons and never displayed any doubts or fears; and even the wildest Indians seemed so attracted and pleased by his cordial, unsuspicious conduct that they were at once disarmed of all feeling of hostility.

When the Civil war closed with the signal triumph of the Union cause Mr. Hines, with the same broad patriotic feeling that had characterized his conduct during its continuance, bent all his energies to bringing about those feelings of mutual sympathy and respect between the north and the south, without which he felt that no permanent union or prosperity could be expected for the country. He fully endorsed the sentiment expressed by General Grant at the surrender of Lee, "Let us have peace," and he labored to that end with constant and intelligent devotion.

Having been elected as superintendent of public instruction for one of our most populous counties, Mr. Hines found himself associated with many of the leading educators of the state in revising our common school system and bringing it more in harmony with the advanced ideas of the eastern states. This work was accomplished in such a thorough and satisfactory manner that California stands today without a superior in all the states of the Union for the perfection and practical operation of its common school system. He served also for about two years as agent of the University of the Pacific. His success in that position was so signal and timely that the board of trustees passed a vote of thanks, in which they ascribed the success of its finan-

cial affairs largely due to his devoted and determined effort. In more than one pressing emergency he bravely met the demands of the crisis and caused the somber clouds of doubt and uncertainty to give place to the sunlight of hope and assurance.

Mr. Hines possesses a decided literary taste, and has always managed, notwithstanding the pressing duties incident to a new and growing state, to keep in touch with the literary and scientific progress of the age. As editor of the first labor paper published on the Pacific Coast his editorial writings attracted the attention of the secular press throughout the country, and were universally regarded as masterly expositions of social and economic science. His contributions to other periodicals, both religious and secular, were numerous and able, and read by the people in general with decided interest and profit. As a ready entertaining speaker he was everywhere listened to with decided appreciation. He possessed in a wonderful degree the power of concentration, one very competent judge having once declared that "he could say more in five minutes than any other man he ever heard." As an after-dinner speaker he had but few superiors.

By referring to the ancestry of Joseph Wilkinson Hines, we find that he was the tenth child of James and Betsey (Round) Hines, the latter a daughter of Bertram and Alice (Wilkinson) Round. Bertram Round was the son of James and Susannah (Seamen) Round, and was born in Rehoboth, Mass., December 11, 1741. James Round was born in Rehoboth, Mass., July 19, 1722, and was the son of George and Susanna Round. George Round was the son of John and Elizabeth Round. John Round's will is recorded in the town records as made October 16, 1716.

This John Round was the boy saved from the Indian massacre of Swansea in 1675. It is probable his parents were then killed. James Round and his son Bertram, who was grandfather to Mr. Hines, emigrated from Swansea to Rhode Island, and thence to Richfield, N. Y., in 1793, where he died October 1, 1835, leaving two hundred and thirty-six descendants; one of whom, Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Round family was of pure English descent. Alice Wilkinson, wife of Bertram Round and grandmother of Mr. Hines, was the daughter of Joseph and Martha (Bray) Wilkinson, great-granddaughter of Samuel and Plain (Wickenden) Wilkinson and great-great-granddaughter of Lawrence and Susanna (Smith) Wilkinson.

Lawrence Wilkinson came to Providence, R. I., in 1645. His ancestry is given in a book entitled "Americans of Royal Descent," page 287-289, and shows him to have been the fifteenth from King Edward I of England, and also that he was descended from the royal house of both France and Spain. The Wilkinson genealogy is given fully in a volume published in 1869, by Rev. Israel Wilkinson of Illinois.

Mr. Hines was married August 30, 1847, to Miss Elizabeth Meridith, of Steuben, Oneida county, N. Y. Her parents were both natives of Wales, but were brought to this country when children, and were reared in full sympathy with American life and institutions. Eight children, four sons and four daughters, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Hines. Three of these, one son and two daughters, died in early life, while three sons and two daughters now live within easy access of the paternal home.

We have here attempted to give a few incidents in the long,

eventful career of one who was ambitious only to live a true, manly life, devoted to the best good of universal humanity. His ideals of life were always found to harmonize with man's highest needs and his purest and most earnest aspirations. Such men, though not always understood and appreciated while living, generally have an influence that will unfold itself in the flowering beauties and ripening harvests of future generations. To lose such lives from the records of time is to obstruct in a positive degree the march of civilization and to foster the sinister impulses that will tend to gradual but fatal retrogression. So let us give the world the light that we now have, and when the summons comes drop into the swelling current of the stream of time those noble influences that will make it a broader, deeper and a swifter river. Through these and their work, as the prophet has said, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

CHAPTER II.

Duty and Destiny.

THERE is no cruelty so great, so oppressive and so destructive, as that which is exercised upon sentient and intelligent beings when their hearts and lives are made the conscious receptacle of a legitimate want or desire, and no adequate and appropriate means are furnished for their proper gratification. God, in the order of nature, leaves no such blot upon the universe He has made. As surely as the lily blooms in its loveliness, and the grass of the field clothes itself in emerald beauty, or the sparrow carols its song from the shady leaves, so surely has our wise and loving Father made rich and ample provision for all the wants of His unnumbered offspring.

Wisely was it said by one of old, "Man shall not live by bread alone." This saying invests humanity with a worth and dignity far above all inanimate or purely animal creations. It lifts him at once out of the narrow sphere of material things, into the higher realm of reason and faith. Eating and drinking now become means and not ends of his existence.

Not here and now have we time or space to trace the successive steps that have led up to the conditions and alternatives of the present hour. Suffice it to say, that any thoughtful person must see that a fearful crisis is now upon us. All hearts seem to feel the thrilling touch of a wonderful and mysterious presence. Lessons of deep and mighty import are being impressed upon minds hitherto unused to serious reflection.

Every thought and every act that we put forth to-day creates a necessity for other acts and other thoughts to-morrow. Physically we may live and thrive on a uniformity of supply, but mentally, spiritually and socially we cannot. In all these latter things we must go on growing greater and better, or perish. Civilization, then, invests humanity not only with an exalted and inestimable privilege, but also with a serious and fearful responsibility.

With the man or associations who may feel disposed to lay claim to the chief honor of having achieved the world's present advancement, we have no controversy. Whatever their form or name, if their claims are vindicated, they shall stand approved before the world.

For long ages the various elements of progression have been doing their appointed work, and the hour has at last struck that marks the beginning of a new cycle. The *is* and the *ought* must now be brought into nearer companionship. The *want* and the *have* must be more harmoniously blended in the experience of the future, or the moral and social integrity of the world must be destroyed.

The hero cannot create the type, neither furnish the elements which create a civilization. It is the work of all, and all are entitled to its benefits. The thought that most perplexes us to-day is, how shall our boasted Christian civilization vindicate its right to continue? Beyond question, it can be only by a prompt and successful effort to supply the demands which itself has created.

A comfortable and attractive home, time for thought and social intercourse, a sense of comparative freedom, healthful and

sufficient food, attractive and inspiring recreation, correct knowledge of the responsibilities and dependencies of personal and collective life, these are a few of the objects and duties brought before us and placed upon us by the civilizing influences of the past. These may not all be understood or appreciated by many, but that they should be made possible to all is obviously the duty of the hour.

And now, brothers, bear with me a moment while I press with sincerity and earnestness this all-important question: Is it the plan and the purpose of our present social and political organizations to seek to invest humanity with these noble and essential environments and blessings? That humanity sees the need of these things, after having felt so long the power of adverse principles and practice, is a marvel. That alone stamps the race with the signet of divinity. It tells of possibilities beyond the power of human conception.

Without attempting to fetter your thoughts and desires by a too distinct and positive array of theoretic formula, we here and now challenge you as Christians, as philanthropists, as patriots, as lovers of truth and justice, and above all and beyond all, as men and women inspired by a common hope and created for a common destiny, to put together in solid and irresistible volume the strength and wisdom that from all worlds and from all beings come to your hearts and minds, and beat down and destroy the competition that brutalizes, and the selfishness that degrades, and let humanity have what it has earned and realize what it has expected.

In the imperative need that this work be done, Nationalism discovers her inspiring mission. In the realization of its ultimate

accomplishment she will reap her beatitude of joy and her crown of honor. And when she hath done this—as she surely will—is there on earth or heaven one harp too sweet and melodious to strike its chords to her praise and glory? Proudly and joyously let her now fling her banner to the breezes of all lands, while you all shall see in letters of living light, emblazoned upon the ample folds, "Peace on earth and good-will to man."

With our eye fixed upon the most truthful and sacred of all inspired records, with our minds pondering upon the vast and wonderful possibilities revealed in all that humanity has or is, with our souls uplifted and energized by a knowledge of the past and present of our race, we cannot, and dare not, intimate that its course is already run, or its appointed destiny already accomplished.

All indications point to a still greater material and social unification among men. Truth, justice, wisdom and love are all and always spiritual elements conductive to order or harmony. They create a kingdom whose dominating rule of intercourse is, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Isolated and fractional are the associations of men where these realizations have fixed themselves lastingly in forms and habits of life.

Hitherto nearly all that the most earnest and eloquent utterances of pulpit, press, rostrum and fellowship could do, has been to write upon the outspread tablets of human being the prophetic indications of a *yet to be*. Now as never before our opened vision is reading these heaven-illuminated lines. If neither passion nor hate, nor selfishness nor doubt shall blur and blind us,

ours shall be the "light of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." This must be our remembrance: that the strength and penetration of our vision depend not so much upon the light that is *around* us, as upon the light that is *within* us. If that be not darkened, we shall see both the beginning and the end, and all the intermediate steps will be right and sure.

Let it be remembered that now, as ever, the people are the builders of the nation. Kings and queens, senates and cities, are but the extraneous forms, the gilded drapery that clothes and decks the internal and majestic form. Pyramids may lift their towering heads to the sky and proclaim the name of a moldering and departed Pharaoh, but Egypt was made by its toiling millions. Pericles and Phidias may write their names on the grand and lofty facade of a marble Parthenon, but the power and glory of Greece found their form and expression in the bravery and devotion of its people. Vespasian may be remembered by the stupendous ruins of a crumbling colosseum, but its conception was the work of an humble artist, and the patient persevering toil of the faithful mechanic reared on high its ancient walls. And so was it all along the track of the ages. Behind all heroes, and temples, and arches, and thrones, and crowns, and empires, have gathered the people, the swarming millions that have made them what they are. The bewitching power of forms and names is no more the talisman to move and inspire the world.

You, my brother; you, my sister—you are the kingdom. When it is prosperous, you are prosperous. When it is great and honorable, truthful, just, stable and pure, it will be because those grand and noble qualities are enthroned in your hearts and lives. We are looking into the future now, not to see the gilded pagean-

try of a mock royalty, but for the serried ranks of the noble and patriotic heroes whose strong and steady hands hold up the mighty pillars of the temple of liberty. We put our ear to the ground now, not to listen to the discordant notes of revelry coming from the gilded halls of wealth and dissipation, but to catch the swelling music that echoes from the busy marts of commerce, and the plying implements of prosperous toilers, as they build cities, plow the billows of the ocean, beautify homes of contentment, rear the halls of science and knowledge, and by thought, and look, and deed, point to the day of plenty and joy that now lives only in the imaginations and hopes of man.

Look at the platforms of the Reformers. How far-reaching and grand in conception! How broad and ample in plan and purpose! When the wisdom of each shall be centered in one by the thoughtful action of the leading minds of all, history will look in vain for anything in the form of party literature more elevating and inspiring. Can faith, can hope, can desire go beyond its provisions? Will it not embody and hold forth all that humanity in all ages has expected or toiled for? Will it not furnish play, ample, dignified play, for all the possibilities of the race? Bring on the wisdom of a Solomon, the zeal of a Paul, the chivalry of a Bayard, the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the patriotism of a Washington, and the statesmanship of a Lincoln, and here on this broad and ample field there will be found room and work for each and for all.

CHAPTER III.

Talk to the San Jose Grange No. 10.

J. W. HINES, of College Park, at the meeting of the San Jose Grange, No. 10, in Odd Fellows' Hall, read the following paper, which was greatly appreciated by the members of the local grange.

There is no page of American history more thrilling and instructive than that of the relation and work of the varied missionary societies with the different Indian tribes that have occupied the Pacific Coast since its discovery and settlement by the white inhabitants, who now call it their home. Centuries have passed away since the first brave and devoted Catholic fathers began their noble and praiseworthy efforts to elevate and Christianize the aboriginal tribes that once extended along the shores of the Pacific Ocean from the Straits of Magellan to the ice-bound regions of the North. No more heroic and sincere men ever raised aloft the sacred symbol of Calvary's bloody tragedy than those who wrought for the religious instruction and civilization of the native inhabitants of both California and Oregon.

I shall undoubtedly give expression to the enlightened conviction of every thoughtful person before me at this hour, when I say that it will require an historian of clear vision and of unprejudiced mind to separate truth from fiction in dealing with a subject like this, so as to mete out equal and exact justice to all concerned, and to transmit to future generations those ideals

and hopes that have been fashioned and inspired by the self-denying toil of the years that have passed.

To my mind it appears quite plain that there could scarcely be selected a more appropriate time in which to give to the pages of history a clear and satisfactory account of the efforts that have been made to elevate the various and widely scattered Indian tribes who for untold ages had inhabited these shores, and to estimate correctly their capacity for the type of civilization which Providence had evidently decreed must exist here in order to reveal and uphold His plans for the ultimate and universal establishment of those social and spiritual ideals set forth in the Gospel of His Son.

History makes us acquainted with no portion of our country that has furnished a more fitting theater for the revelation of the various possibilities residing in the different races of men for the effectual working out of those difficult problems of human life which from time to time appear in the march of humanity to a higher and a better destiny. Were I called upon to select two localities that in the past hundred years have furnished precedents of the most reliable and instructive character in this regard, I should without hesitation designate California and Oregon.

Not only were these the most fitting theaters of action, but the most capable and appropriate agencies that ever wrought amongst the Indian tribes of the Pacific Coast were employed; I mean the Catholic church of California and the Methodist church of Oregon. Before these missionary organizations appeared upon the scene, the dreamy story of the life with more or less distinctness and historic accuracy, went floating over the

communities of the civilized world. These two agencies since 1840 had, by their presence and work, brought about conditions that were fast crystalizing into imperative demands, that called for a greater degree of social and political order. The odor of the wigwam and the old adobe hovel had become monotonous if not really disgusting in the presence of a higher and a better civilization.

In the North, where the Methodist element predominated, and in the south where the Catholic influence was greatly in the ascendant, practically the same social and religious problems appeared for solution. In both regions the most enlightened and progressive leaders of the rapidly growing communities saw clearly that a crisis had arrived in the history of the Pacific Coast that called for the establishment of a higher and purer ideal of life than had hitherto guided and controlled their religious and political activities. Everywhere the truth seemed taking deep and permanent root in the minds of all intelligent people that it was neither erroneous nor profane to believe that the Creator had larger and better uses for this wonderful land that had so long been cumbered by a people so ignorant, degraded and unimproving. Their vision began to take in the swarming millions of the old Orient where reside the great histories of olden times under the purer and loftier inspiration that was fast thrilling and moving the Christian population of these Western slopes.

Let is be remembered that neither of these agencies mentioned had ever entertained the idea that physical force should be employed in the subjugation of any portion of these Oriental lands. But this fact they both saw clearly, that the Indian

tribes of Oregon and California possessed neither the intellectual nor moral fitness to perform the work that needed to be done on those distant shores. The learned and pious men who had been guiding the unfolding destinies of this Western empire had carefully studied God's historic order in leading the march of the ages upwards towards Himself.

The present ever owed a vast debt to the future, and the people who will not pay that debt must perish, and a people who will must take their place. It was because the old ages did not attempt to liquidate to the ages to come the debt they owed that what remains of them, burned to cinders and trampled into ashes, are being crushed and blown away by the whirlwind march of the newer time and better humanity. Look at China. She has stood for over 4000 years. There have lived in that empire during its history more than five trillion of people. What have they done for the upbuilding of mankind, for the betterment of the human race? What a resplendent opportunity God gave them. He set them up in the world's sunrise. He gave them ample time in which to measure up to the sublime attitude of their abounding opportunity. Recklessly they cast it into the dark abyss of a bestial, degraded, unimproving life. Their default to the future blots them out of that future of which they might have been the masters. Those only of men or nations master the future who pay to that future the debt they owe to it. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." The belts that drive the grinding stones stretch out of sight, but beyond our vision they are attached to the great motor of eternal right, and eternal law, and eternal power, and the "mills" are surely 'grinding them to powder.' The thing which

the world at present is striving to learn is not that they are lost, but what it is and who it is that is able to save them. When this question is settled, and the remedy applied, a remnant will be found and will join the ranks of the redeemed and will be merged into the grand army of truth and righteousness, who are now marching to the conquering of the world.

The great danger to which we are now exposed, and the one that is liable to waste both our time and energies is in miscalculating the importance of the scattered remnants of those Indian tribes in our future efforts for civil and religious progress. The most we can reasonably expect to do for them now and hereafter is to hold them up true to what they have already attained, while together we try to preserve and perpetuate the various landmarks that will tell to future generations the story of the noble and heroic achievements of a bygone age. Let this important work go on throughout the length and breadth of the land, while we, as the dutiful children of the departed strive to lift to still greater and more sublime heights the standard of the cross, the glorious symbol of a world's hope. Let us do this not only in our own country, where still linger, in various forms, evidences of heroic achievement for the elevation of a degraded humanity; but in other portions of this beautiful land wherever hope and desire for better and nobler things still linger in the aspiring hearts of all those who have so long been wandering in sadness and sorrow.

Personal experience and observation for upwards of half a century confirming the opinion that the original purpose for which these missionary efforts were at first begun has been fully accomplished, and the noble and Christian impulses that gave

them birth must now and ever hereafter move on a higher plane of thought and activity. But in this transition we will do great injustice both to the faithful and the devoted toilers that have done their work and left amongst us such indubitable evidences of their zeal and devotion, if we fail to impress upon the rising generation the valuable lessons they are calculated to impart.

In the North there appeared at first various difficulties of a perplexing nature growing out of the presence in the same locality of associations of a purely industrial and communal character, such as the "American Northwest Fur Company," established by John Jacob Astor, and the Hudson Bay Company, an English organization occupying the vast territory north of the Columbia river and at present embracing three flourishing States of our Union, besides one-half of Oregon and the vast region of British Columbia. At an early day the Astor company was crowded from the field by its more powerful neighbor, after which, with headquarters at Vancouver, the entire Northwest was brought under one administration, but owing no allegiance to any civilized nation in the world.

It may be regarded as a singular coincidence that in the Northwest the two agencies before mentioned arrived on the field of their future toil at nearly the same time, and without any effort at concert of action. In the year 1859 three Jesuit missionaries arrived at Vancouver, namely, F. N. Blancher, A. Demero, and P. G. De Smet. These had their headquarters at Vancouver, and made it their aim to look after the spiritual interest of the trappers and hunters, who were mostly French Canadians, and whose business it was to gather furs and peltries from Indian trappers and assist in their shipment to European

merchants. The same year saw depart from the harbor of New York the greatest missionary expedition that has ever sailed from any American port. For this purpose the Methodist missionary society chartered a vessel called the Lausonni, loaded her with adequate supplies and with thirty-five missionaries to reinforce the half dozen already in the field. Early in October, 1839, she swept out of the harbor of New York and turned her prow towards the story headlands of the dreaded Cape Horn.

At that time and under those circumstances it is difficult to conceive of a more utter abandonment of all those social ties and happy influences that cluster around an American home. The writer of this article was then a mere child. An elder brother and his family were among that devoted band. He well remembers how, in that soft October day, after it was known that they had sailed away to the dark and distant field of religious toil, he leaned against his mother's side, in the rural home in central New York, and listening to her as she softly told of the holy mission on which they were going, and then, with tears in her eyes but triumph in her heart, sung with tremulous voice Heber's grand missionary hymn,

"Shall we where saints are lighted by wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?"

Out of that hour, by the voice of that mother in that song, the young heart of the little boy felt the first inspiration that fourteen years after carried him to the same work in the same distant field.

But when that field was reached how changed were all the conditions and prospects that had once so thrilled and moved the churches of the Eastern States. These native tribes that had

swarmed upon these shores, both in Oregon and California, were fast melting away and the most casual observer could plainly see that their days were numbered and that nothing could save them from utter destruction. Lo, all organized effort for their salvation ceased, and in each State the agencies employed readjusted their religious forms and are now moving forward in their respective fields to build up and beautify the waste places of our spiritual Zion.

CHAPTER IV.

How a Grizzly Bear Looks When Only Twenty Feet Behind You.

THE most formidable and dreaded animal that roams the forests of California, or, indeed, of any other land on the face of the earth, is the grizzly bear. All other wild animals will flee from the presence of man, unless driven into a corner, or starved into desperation. But this shaggy monster roams the forests far and wide, seeking the weak and helpless of all classes as legitimate prey to his insatiable appetite. Nothing is allowed to escape from his savage fury but those of his own kind, or unless possessed of a foot that enables them to outstrip him in pursuit and then his pent-up fury vents itself in savage growls that are frightful to hear. Any one who has ever encountered one of these bloodthirsty brutes, especially when alone and destitute of deadly weapons or a friendly tree to climb, will, in all probability, never live to tell the sorrowful tale.

The adventure which I am about to relate actually happened to myself while traveling the Humboldt District in 1866. I had been to Smith River Valley to attend a quarterly meeting, and, being somewhat anxious to hasten my return to my home at Eureka, and being able to save at least 20 miles travel by taking a cut-off which led me along the ocean beach I concluded to take that course, which led for about 6 miles close under a perpendicular bluff of at least one hundred feet, which made it impossible to pass that way only at low tide.

When arriving at the beginning of this bluff I saw at a glance that I had made a mistake in regard to the incoming tide as they were then rolling far up towards the foot of the bluff. Fortunately I was riding a horse accustomed to traveling along a sand beach, had it not been the case I should probably have retraced my steps and deferred my journey to another day. But before I was fully aware of the fact, I had gone nearly or quite one-half of the way over, and consequently to return was as difficult and quite as dangerous as to press forward. So, watching with eagle vision every reflex of the foaming water, I soon came to the point where the trail turned up the bluff, when, looking over my left shoulder, I saw a huge grizzly not over 40 yards behind me and seemingly as badly frightened as myself at the rushing and noise of the incoming tide. Apparently he had but just discovered me, when a huge breaker struck him in the side and sweeping his feet from under him threw him over upon his side, while my horse, with better sense and more experience, deliberately turned his heels to dashing billow and stood firmly upon his feet, while the foam-crested wave did no harm but the giving himself and his rider a severe dousing. The crisis had evidently come, for as soon as the bear had struggled to his feet he discovered me for the first time and without waiting for a formal introduction showed plainly that a more intimate familiarity would not be disagreeable to his feelings. Just then I needed an extra moment of time very badly and I quickly contrived a way to gain it. In the morning my landlady had prepared a nice lunch for my dinner, which she had tied in a napkin and I had hung it upon the horn of my saddle. Quick as a flash, I seized it and tossed it over my left shoulder. It fell right in

front of the shaggy monster, who, seizing it, shook it loose and paused a moment to swallow the precious morsel. That moment was my salvation, for my horse, bounding forward, took the trail just in front of the pursuing monster. The race I knew was now won, for while my horse could not ascend the hill in any but a diagonal path, the bear I knew could only in a perpendicular manner. Hence, while every step carried me safely up, every leap carried the bear fatally down. In a moment I paused on the summit of the bluff, while the disappointed bear was growling and floundering in the bushes one hundred feet below. I paused a moment to view the ludricrous situation, and then, waving my hand in token of victory, exclaimed, "Good-bye, old fellow."

When I return, I hope our relations may continue about as at present. I have never passed over that trail since. I wrote the lady who put up my lunch that it did me more good than any meal I had ever eaten.

CHAPTER V.

How I Lost and Found My Money.

WHEN I so narrowly escaped death at the hands of the two Indians, as related before, and found myself safe and secure at the Block House, I sat down before a blazing fire and leisurely took account of stock to ascertain, if possible, the exact influence which the scenes of danger and excitement through which I had just passed had made upon me. I had evidently saved myself, my pony and my two mules. But had I lost any thing? All at once it burst upon my recollection that I had placed in the pocket of an outer garment the sum of six hundred dollars in gold coin, and I found also that too was all safe. And I slept soundly that night. With gratitude to the Divine Power and Goodness that had so signally watched over and preserved me, I at once prepared to resume my journey homeward, which was still at least one hundred and fifty miles away. I began to feel that I would have a story to tell to the wife and children that were dearer to me than life itself and for whose comfort and happiness I had cheerfully braved all these toils and dangers.

The next stage of my journey would lead me over the Calaperrah Mountains and down their slope a distance of about twenty miles to the home of a Mr. Cartwright with whom I was well acquainted, and I began to feel that a few hours more and I would be able to sit down at my fireside and regale myself at my own table. So, with my spirits cheered by the kindness and hospitality of the Cartwright family, I now felt strong enough

to resume my journey, knowing that about forty miles would end my tiresome 200-mile trip and bring me to the comforts of my own dear home.

During the night a severe snow storm came up over the mountains and in the morning the ground was covered with two or three inches of snow. So I delayed my departure until about noon. The ground being soft and the road rough and difficult, my progress was necessarily quite slow and I therefore concluded to give two days to the remaining part of my journey which was about forty miles.

I had gone about two miles and had just crossed a corderoy bridge spanning a deep mountain stream, suddenly calling to mind the fact that I was carrying about six hundred dollars, I reached around to the inside pocket where I had placed it, when lo, every dollar of it was gone.

For a few moments I sat utterly bewildered and stupefied at my loss, while the past and the future seemed to unite on that fatal spot, and while imagination painted in dark dismal colors the story of the *was* hope and faith bore onward my fainting soul and attempted to span the dark cloud with a rainbow promise of what would surely *be*. This feeling lasted but for a few moments, and then, taking a hasty glance at the declining sun that just then burst from behind a dark cloud and wearing a diadem of beauty around the waving tree tops, hastened to its setting behind the distant mountains. I was yet about two miles distant from the log cabin of a kind friend, where I intended to tarry for the night, so hastening on I soon heard the welcome greeting, "Halloo, old fellow, alight and come in out of the cold, and I will care for your animal."

The evening soon passed in pleasant converse and I was politely informed which corner of the cabin I was expected to occupy. While all in the room instinctively turned their backs, I disrobed and laid myself down for the night.

Up to this moment not a word had passed my lips in regard to my loss, and I had concluded to defer the matter until morning before revealing the matter to my friend and asking his opinion and advice. In answer to the greeting of mine host in the morning, I frankly stated the situation, and assured him that the past night had afforded me but very little rest or comfort, and I was desirous of having his opinion and advice as to the future. I then described to him minutely the experiences of the previous day, and especially the loss of my money. I told him how seemingly impossible it would be to meet my obligations when I arrived at home, and the probable loss of my home for which I had been toiling for two years.

The entire situation was fully canvassed and when we had got through he deliberately stated that while he deeply sympathized with me in my loss, yet he could see no probability whatever of my ever recovering a dollar of my money. I then called to his attention the familiar adage, so often on the lips of our preacher, that "Man's extremity was God's opportunity." I then told my friend that I had always acted upon the philosophy that a hope based upon a simple possibility was vastly better than no hope at all, and therefore I had concluded to return and make my search.

Leaving my mules to be cared for by my friend with a request that he would pray for me, I was soon mounted upon my pony and facing a driving storm of snow and sleet, was thread-

ing my way back to the foot of the Calepooch. Just about sundown, I arrived at Brother Cartwright's and by the aid of a warm supper and a blazing fire was soon in a talkative mood. They all wondered at my sudden return. I soon made known to them the events of the past day. While they all manifested the utmost sympathy and sorrow, all concurred in the opinion that nothing but a miracle could afford relief. Early in the morning I prepared to return to the place where I had left the mules. The snow, that had fallen during the night to the depth of 2 or 3 inches, now began to melt and the mud and slush made the traveling slow and tedious. I soon came to the stream where I had missed the money the day before, and was riding leisurely along with my eyes fixed upon the ground when I saw just at my horse's feet about the one-half of a twenty dollar piece sticking in the mud. My heart gave a sudden bound and turning quickly aside I was not long in tying my horse to the fence, and then in the space of ten feet I picked up 520 dollars of my lost money. Two men, living in a cabin about 80 rods away, seeing a stranger thus employed, came down to investigate. I told them I had lost a little money there the day before, but withheld from them the exact amount, stating that there was a little more that I had not yet found. They both scratched about for a few minutes, picking up 21 dollars each, which they handed me. With night approaching, I mounted my horse and rode away, telling them that I would stay all night where I had left my mules, and if they should find the balance they might leave it with him. I never received the forty dollars, and presume it was never found.

I was now about 40 miles from home, with two noble mules,

560 dollars in money, and the same little pony that I had ridden away about two months before. The anticipated Rogue River war soon broke out, the government advertised for mules to pack provisions to the army, and I sold my mules for 250 dollars each that had cost me 100 dollars each. I had found all but 40 dollars of my money, had an awful scare, a romantic ride, paid all my debts, and had in my pocket about 300 dollars in gold coin. In all of my experiences on the coast, I doubt if I could think of another through which I passed where so many incidents harmonized to make that experience in the final outcome such a grand success. Romance never crowded into its pages more of the awe inspiring scenes, more heroic attitudes in action, more courageous onsets in physical struggle, than the two of these times and the two hundred miles of travel from the beginning of the struggle on Cow Creek to my triumphant arrival at my own fireside on the banks of the beautiful Willamette River.

CHAPTER VI.

Apostrophe to the Flag.

Thou glorious banner, emblem of the free,
Whose radiant beauties cover land and sea,
Beneath thy starlit folds do millions bring
The gladsome offerings of another spring.
The gray-haired father with the mystic thread
That links the living to the honored dead,
The noble matron who her time employs
In forming patriots of her growing boys,
The bright-eyed maiden whose unfolding charms
Await a transit to her lover's arms,
The little urchin whose soft flaxen curls
In sportive glee the gentle breezes twirls,
The rich, the poor, the humble and the proud,
May here be gathered in one common crowd,
And lifting up to heaven the beaming eye,
Swear with this flag to live and for it die.

The magic scarf the heavenly goddess gave,
To float Ulyssus o'er the boisterous wave,
Firm to his breast the sacred gift he binds
And braves the fury of the whistling winds;
To strength divine his own best efforts lends
And gains the shore where all his trouble ends.

So shall it be when threatening tempests rise,
And danger gathers on our nation's skies;
When deepest gloom our fondest hopes enshroud,
And lightnings leap along the rifted cloud,
When love of country seems to disappear,
And patriots' bosoms quake with inward fear,
With chords of love no earthly power can part,
We'll bind this sacred banner to our heart,
And gathering aid from heaven descended power,
Find a sure triumph in each threatening hour.

CHAPTER VII.

The Work of the Pioneer.

WHENEVER a California Pioneer closes his work upon earth and passes into the spirit world, it is almost absolutely certain that he will leave behind him a record of toil and achievement that is worthy of remembrance, and that is needed in order to intelligently account not only for the scenes and events of the past, but also for the conditions of the present and the hopes and prospects of the future. We may lay it down as a universal rule that if the beginning of a people's history is weak, tame and inefficient, it will inevitably point to a destiny of doubt, darkness and premature decay; while upon the other hand, if that history begins upon a high and noble plane, it will be almost sure to proceed along a pathway of ever brightening beauty, stability and splendor.

I am sure this intelligent audience will pardon me if I repeat at this serious hour what I have often said before, and if God spare me will be sure to repeat again with all the sincerity and emphasis which words can give, that the Pioneer life and achievements on the Pacific Coast stand far above and beyond those of any other people in the history of the world.

I have been a somewhat careful and diligent student of history and my mind has often been engaged in comparing the relative efficiency of different peoples in their efforts in planting and establishing the nations that have gone before us, and I have no hesitation in making the ascertion that more has been

done in the last sixty years on this Coast than has ever been accomplished by any other people of whom history gives us account in the first six hundred years of their pioneer life. Now, how shall we account for this astonishing disparity? After making all due allowance for the favoring conditions of our environment, and the comparative weakness of the opposing obstacles, we will be forced to acknowledge that the most potent factor in the creation of so superior a record can only be found in the moral, physical and intellectual traits of the men and women who have occupied this field.

Indulge me a few moments while I attempt to place before your minds in a more careful and elaborate manner some of the leading characteristics of the early settlers of California, who laid so broad and deep the foundations of this great and noble commonwealth. And, first, they created and have steadily upheld a pure and lofty *ideal of true American citizenship.*

It may be said, and that very truly, that such ideal was an importation and not a creation of the Pioneers. That the most plastic and impressible period of their life was spent in other States and in other associations, where they passed their early days, and cultivated those social, moral and intellectual habitudes that so well fitted them for the great and important work that awaited their coming and to which they were now providentially hastening. All this may be conceded, and yet the greatest wonder and the greatest mystery of all still remains unexplained. How came it to pass that these Pioneers possessed at the beginning such a marvelous unity of thought and purpose, coming, as they did, from every State of the Union, and taught and trained in almost every conceivable school of polit-

ical and religious thought? What unseen power, in that supreme hour seized upon their very life-being, and lifted them into the cloudless region of self-forgetfulness and patriotic fervor? So they tread the trackless desert, and scaled the lofty summits of the rugged mountains, they all sang the same song of freedom and shouted the same peans of victorious struggle and achievement.

But the greatest wonder and mystery still remains to be explained. Where are they now and what is before them? Their long and tedious journey is over. From all parts of the world they have converged to a common centre. Strangers to each other, in a new and untried environment, with no common purpose for their future action, or knowledge of the dangers or trials that surrounds them, it seems next to an impossibility that they should escape from a serious and fatal plunge into the deep dark gulf of anarchy and disorder. To say that they did escape, that all the temptations and allurements by which they found themselves surrounded were quickly and effectually subordinated to the demands of the grand and noble work of building and beautifying a new and wonderful scene, is but to repeat a fact that has already passed into the current history of our common country. In the short space of fifty years, the experimental stage,—if, indeed, it ever existed,—passes away, and gives place to an assurance and stability that seems to promise a long and brilliant career of civil and social happiness and prosperity.

And now must the warmth of our admiration and the fervor of our eulogy be turned away from the real source of this marvelous and unprecedented achievement? Shall we be told that all

of this wonderful work has come out of the favoring natural elements by which we have been surrounded? Let all those who make such assertions remember that it is men that makes a state, and not states that make men; that to sit down in listless inactivity and sing the praises of the sunlight and the breeze, is to be quickly overtaken by premature decreptitude and death. Such were not the Pioneers of the State of California. With the common frailties of human nature, we find them as a class possessed of a clear vision, and a faith that never falters. They did not sit calmly down and wait for somebody to come from somewhere and help them in their work. It was a fleet runner indeed who could overtake them in the race, or reach the goal of their hope while they loitered upon the way.

Shall we be thought a wild, visionary partisan if we now declare that the almost immediate union of sentiment and fellowship, united as it was with a kindred impulse to harmonious action, will be regarded by the thoughtful historian in the future as standing, if not in the realm of the miraculous, certainly quite at the summit of social and intellectual marvels.

Look at the result. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Not much, especially if they have lived and moved in the social and mental atmosphere that usually pervaded the Pioneers of the State of California. Nature seemed to furnish them not only with a unity of purpose, but a true philosophy of action as well. These in their practical application revealed an order of sequence in the moral and social, as positive and as emphatic, as it was soon to be in the material world around them. In this respect they anticipated the science of evolution in its highest and purest forms. They, unconscious-

ly, revealed its moulding and fashioning power in the higher and freer realm of social and intellectual life. Where they toiled up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, pausing to slake their thirsts at the rippling fountain at their feet, watching it as it sung its merry way towards the western sea, or, it may be, standing upon the deck of a frail vessel, as it rode the foam-crested billows of the perilous headlands of the dreaded Cape Horn, or, still worse, breathed for days the miasmatic vapors that bore to the vitals the death dealing fires of the dreaded Panama fever, each and all of them seemed to derive courage and strength by the dangers of the way, and gather into their eager souls a more grand and noble purpose.

But we have brought them at last by their devious ways to the chosen haven of their hopes and desires. And surely never did men and women come into companionship with brighter prospect of transmitting to the future an inheritance of nobler and grander proportions, to transmit to the future generations. And surely no men and women ever lived who have founded a combination more in harmony with the demands of the nation and the age. The ideals of social and political life were those demanded by all lands where progressive humanity has ever had an abiding dwelling place. Motherhood and the home, childhood and the school, manhood and the State, all these have been fostered and upheld by the Pioneers of Oregon and California for the last two generations, and are stronger to-day than ever before. These are characteristics that have not been imported, but created by the Pioneers. Importations, as a rule, have been of a different type and different tendency, and we challenge the world to successfully deny our statement.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Provisional Government.

THE subject of what is known in history as "The Provisional Government of Oregon," is to be introduced here only so far as it relates to the era of the missionary organizations, and the periods when the results of their presence and work were crystalizing into social conditions that called for civil and political order. Before this time the dreamy story of the Indian tribes had simply changed into the scarcely less dreamy story of the fur traffic. hardly more civilizing than was the other. How little there was of anything that had the fragrance of civilization rather than the odor of the wigwam in it up to the close of 1840 will be seen by the following summary of arrivals of American in the country up to that time. In 1834 the four members of the Methodist Episcopal Missions and six other Americans arrived. In 1835 there were none. In 1836 three male and two female missionaries of the American Board. In 1837 five male and seven female missionaries of the Methodist Board, with three children and three settlers reached the country. In 1838 eight persons reinforced the Missions of the American Board and three white men from the Rocky Mountains came into the country. In 1839 four independent Protestant missionaries and eight settlers came. In 1840 thirty-one adults and fourteen children came to the Methodist Mission, and four independent Protestant missionaries and thirteen settlers, mostly Rocky Mountain men with Indian wives, came in. This made in all 86

adults connected with the missions and twenty-eight American settlers, a total of 114. Besides these, in 1838 and 1839 F. N. Blanchet, A. Demers and P. G. DeSmet, Jesuit missionaries, arrived. These, of course, added nothing to the American settlement, and surely not to the American sentiment in the country, but rather the reverse. Outside of these there were a small number of the superannuated employes of the Hudson Bay Company located at various points, yet holding legal and social relations to that body.

Civilly and politically there were two sentiments; one American and one British. Being largely in the majority of the Americans, and a chosen body of able and educated men and women, the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church naturally and necessarily took the lead in all matters that looked towards the establishment of any form of government in the country. The missionaries of the American Board, namely, Dr. Whitman and Messrs. Spalding and Eells and Walker were so far removed from the center of settlement that they had no participation in the movements that resulted in the establishment of the Provisional Government. There was not a single American resident within a hundred and fifty miles of any of their missions.

So situated they had no opportunity to co-operate with the small American community in the Willamette in any movement looking to the general interests of Oregon as related to general educational work, or to the extension of the authority of the United States Government over the territory. Of course they were in sentiment entirely in accord with the American citizens of Oregon, and but for their isolation would have heartily co-operated with them.

On the other hand the Jesuit missionaries, the retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, with that company itself, could always be relied on to sustain the pretensions of Great Britain, and oppose the plans and purposes of the American population, led by the Methodist missionaries. Thus it happened at the close of 1840, that the forces in array against each other for the ultimate possession of the country, were on the one side, the Hudson's Bay Company, and its retired servants, together with the Roman Catholic missionaries. On the other side the Methodist Missions and the American settlers.

The stake was the country itself, and whether it should become American or English was the question at issue. The stake was immeasurable; and the players were so nearly equal in number that no man could tell where the majority would fall until the day for a final count should come. Counted by numbers it was the smallest force that ever contended for an empire. Gauged by results it was the mightiest conflict of the century. All told there were 137 Americans of all ages and sexes in the country, over 90 of whom were connected with the Protestant missions.

Such men as led the American contingent in this contest do not slumber at their posts. Indeed before 1840 the first step towards the final one was taken by the memorial gotten up by the mission and carried by Mr. Jason Lee to Washington. In 1839 the subject was again brought to the attention of Congress in a memorial, too important as a part of the missionary history of the Northwest to be omitted here. It was as follows:

"To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

"Your petitioners represent unto your honorable bodies that

they are residents in the Oregon Territory, and citizens of the United States, or persons desirous of becoming such.

They further represent unto your honorable bodies that they have settled themselves in said territory under the belief that it was a portion of the public domain of the United States, and that they might rely upon the government thereof for the blessings of free institutions, and the protection of its arms.

Your petitioners further represent that they are uninformed of any acts of said government by which its institutions are extended to them; in consequence whereof themselves and families are exposed to be destroyed by the savages around them, and others that would do them harm.

And your petitioners would further represent that they have no means of protecting their lives and the lives of their families other than self-constituted tribunals, originated and sustained by an ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms.

And your petitioners would further represent these means of safety to be an insufficient safeguard of life and property, and that the crimes of theft, murder, infanticide, etc., are increasing among them to an alarming extent, and your petitioners declare themselves unable to arrest this progress of crime and its terrible consequences without the aid of law, and tribunals to administer it.

Your petitioners therefore pray the Congress of the United States to establish as soon as may be a Territorial Government in the Oregon Territory.

And if other reasons than these presented were needed to induce your honorable bodies to grant the prayer of the under-

signed, your petitioners, they would be found in the value of the territory to the nation and the alarming circumstances that portend its loss.

Your petitioners, in view of these last considerations, would represent that the English government has had a surveying party on the Oregon coast for two years, employed in making accurate surveys of all its bays, rivers and harbors, and that recently the said government is said to have made a grant to the Hudson's Bay Company of all lands lying between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, and that the said company is actually exercising unequivocal acts of ownership over said lands and opening extensive farms upon the same.

And your petitioners represent that these circumstances, connected with other acts of said company to the same effects, and their declaration that the English government owns and will hold, as its own soil, that portion of Oregon Territory situated north of the Columbia River, together with the important fact that the said company are cutting and sawing into lumber and shipping to foreign marts vast quantities of the finest pine trees upon the navigable waters of the Columbia, have led your petitioners to apprehend that the English Government does intend at all events to hold that portion of this territory lying north of the Columbia River.

And your petitioners represent that the said territory north of the Columbia River is an invaluable possession to the American Union; that in and about Puget Sound are the only harbors of easy access and commodious and safe upon the whole coast of the territory, and that a great part of this said northern part of the territory is rich in timber and valuable minerals. For this

and other reasons your petitioners pray that Congress will establish its sovereignty over said territory.

Your petitioners would further represent that the country south of the Columbia River and north of the Mexican line, and extending from the Pacific ocean 120 miles into the interior is of unequaled beauty. Its mountains, covered with perpetual snow, pouring into the prairies around their bases transparent streams of the purest water, the white and black oak, pine, cedar and fir forests that divide the prairies into sections convenient for farming purposes, the rich mines of coal in its hills, and salt springs in its valleys, its quarries of limestone, sandstone, chalk and marble, the salmon of its rivers, and the various blessings of the delightful and healthful climate, are known to us and impress your petitioners with the belief that this is one of the most favored portions of the globe.

Indeed the deserts of the interior have their wealth of pasturage, and their lakes, evaporating in summer, leave in their basins hundreds of bushels of the purest soda. Many other circumstances could be named showing the importance of this territory in a national, commercial and agricultural point of view. And although your petitioners would not undervalue considerations of this kind, yet they beg leave especially to call the attention of Congress to their own condition as an infant colony, without military force or civil institutions to protect their lives and property and children, sanctuaries and tombs from the hands of uncivilized and merciless savages around them. We respectfully ask for the civil institutions of the American Republic. We pray for the high privilege of American citizenship, the peaceful enjoyment of life, the right of acquiring, possessing and using

property, and the unrestrained pursuit of rational happiness. And your petitioners will ever pray.

DAVID LESLIE.

And about seventy others.

The reader must pronounce this a most remarkable document. David Leslie was at this time pro tem Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Oregon, in the absence of Jason Lee, then on his return from the States with the great reinforcement that reached Oregon June 1st, 1840. It certainly was fortunate for the United States that the church had in her missionary work in Oregon at that most critical period of Oregon history, men who were capable of producing such documents, and at the same time brave and patriotic enough to take up on the disputed soil the cause of the American possession of the country, when that of Great Britain was championed by such a power on the very ground as the Hudson's Bay Company, aided by all the influence of the Catholic missions. It is a most brilliant chapter of Methodist history. While this memorial had gone on to Congress, and the people of Oregon were waiting for some congressional action, the necessities of the colony were growing more and more urgent. Something in the form of a government seemed imperatively demanded. To meet the requirements of the time a meeting of a number of the leading citizens was called at Champoeg, not far from the Methodist Mission, on the 7th of February, 1841, for consultation on the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws and the election of officers to execute them. Rev. Jason Lee was called to the chair. He advised the appointment of a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the country south of the Columbia river, but no def-

inite action was had. Another meeting was held at the Methodist Mission on the 17th of February, when nearly all the people of the valley were present. Rev. David Leslie was president, and Gustavus Hines and Sidney Smith were secretaries. Though a committee was appointed to formulate a system of government of which Rev. F. N. Blanchet, afterwards Roman Catholic Archbishop of Oregon, was chairman, to report to the meeting of June 11th, it was found that Mr. Blanchett had not called the committee together, and no further action was had in the matter at this time.

Early in the autumn the first indication that the memorials sent to Congress in 1838 and 1839 were having any effect on the action of the government relating to Oregon was received in the country. Dr. Elijah White, who had formerly held the position of physician to the mission, but had returned to the State, arrived again in the country holding a government commission as sub-Agent for the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. The people were rejoiced at even so slight an evidence that the government would, sometime, extend its jurisdiction over the country, and, at least, were encouraged to wait with confidence. Gradually it became rather clear that the American sentiment predominated over the English. This induced the British and Catholic influence to adopt the plan of forming a government entirely independent; national in itself; a new power among the world's nationalities. Dr. McLoughlin gave the weight of his name and influence to this scheme, carrying with him, of course, the men of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Catholic clergy, and the retired servants of the company. This was a combination not easy to be overcome. It was the more dangerous because Dr. Mc-

Loughlin was a man of large business, much the largest in the country, and had retained able attorneys to care for it, who were always ready to serve whatever he considered for his interests. At a public lyceum in Oregon City, where many of the most influential men of the community were accustomed to meet to discuss public questions, Mr. L. W. Hastings, as attorney for Dr. McLoughlin, introduced a resolution in the following words:

"Resolved, That it is expedient for the settlers of the coast to organize an independent government."

At the close of the discussion the vote was taken and the resolution was adopted. This was a critical moment in the history of Oregon. While this lyceum was not a legislative body, it had influence enough to determine the action of the community on any question upon which the people was so evenly divided as upon this. All the British party were in favor of this action, because anything that would prevent the United States from assuming jurisdiction over the country would only be a way of turning the country over to Great Britain. This, doubtless, was the ultimate end sought by the party that sustained the resolution. The resolution was passed, but the man was at hand who was equal to the emergency. It was Mr. George Abernethy, the steward of the Methodist Mission, having charge of all the temporal business of the Mission, who was a resident of Oregon City. He immediately shifted the issue by introducing the following resolution for discussion the following week:

"Resolved, That if the United States extends its jurisdiction over this country during the next four years it will not be expedient to form an independent government."

A very earnest debate followed. Both sides were at their

best. Both felt that the action here to be had would determine the course the Oregon community would take in the establishment of a government, which, evidently, could not be much longer delayed without plunging the country into a state of riotous anarchy. By a considerable majority the resolution of Mr. Abernethy was adopted.

This resolution, in effect, pledged the people against an "Independent government," at least for four years. It also clearly indicated the abiding faith of the American party that the laws of the United States would soon be extended over Oregon. It also left the way open for the organization of such a scheme of order as the people might adopt that would anticipate its own supercession by the authority of the United States at some future date.

There were three classes of opinion in the country at this time in regard to the proper action to be had. First, and perhaps stronger than either of the others, as it was led by the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, under the guidance of Dr. McLoughlin; An Independent Government. Second, a Provisional Government looking to the early extension of the authority of the United States over the country. Third, a continuation of the present condition until the United States should extend its laws over Oregon. The American sentiment was somewhat divided between the second and third propositions. Mr. Abernethy's resolution had a strong tendency to unite this sentiment, as it, in conection with the action on the resolution of Mr. Hastings, showed clearly that the majority of the people were decided that a government was a necessity. It became at once, therefore, only a question whether it should be "Independent" or

"Provisional." The "Independent" movement meant nothing ultimately but British ownership. The "Provisional" movement meant just as certainly American ownership. The action that must now soon be had would determine what the people of Oregon themselves chose as the relation of the future State that all now saw was soon to rise out of the somewhat chaotic condition of the country. What that choice should be when made undoubtedly meant the decision of the "Oregon question." It was a pivotal time; and Mr. Abernethy's resolution was the pivot on which the future turned.

Fearing that the swing of opinion was against the formation of an "Independent" government, those who had favored that began to fall in line against any government at all. The reason is obvious. A Provisional government meant simply a temporary regulation which avowedly looked forward to the speedy occupancy of the country by the United States. This was the one thing that all who favored an Independent government were trying to avoid. That movement was from the beginning to end in behalf of the British ownership of Oregon under the guise of independency until such a time as the guise could be thrown off and the ownership proclaimed.

Events began now rapidly to hasten. Space does not permit us to follow the successive steps of the drama, only to state their outcome. After some important preliminary meetings and conferences on the part of the friends of a Provisional government, and many counter movements on the part of those who had adopted the shibboleth of "No Government," a meeting was called to be held at Champoeg on the 2nd day of May, 1843, at which all understood that the determinative action would be

taken. Pending this meeting "An address of the Canadian citizens of Oregon to the meeting at Champoeg," was circulated throughout the country, and every effort was made to prevent affirmative action at the meeting of May 2nd. This "Address" was written by Rev. F. N. Blanchet, a very astute Roman Catholic priest, who afterwards became Archbishop. He was a master in dialectics in his own tongue, the French, but was not able to perfectly Anglicise his speech. It was ably conceived, though expressed in imperfect English. A quotation of paragraphs 11 and 12 will disclose the animus and purpose of the entire address. They are as follows:

"11. That we consider the country free, at present to all nations till government shall have decided; open to every individual wishing to settle, without distinction of origin, and without asking him anything, either to become an English, Spanish, or American citizen.

12. So we, English subjects, proclaim to be free, as well as those who come from France, California or the United States, or even natives of this country; and we desire unison with all the respectable citizens who wish to settle in this country; or we ask to be recognized as free among ourselves to make such regulations as appear suitable to our wants, save the general interest of having justice from all strangers who might injure us, and that our reasonable customs and pretensions be respected."

Through the ambiguous expressions of this extract is shown as clearly as any thing can be shown, that the real conflict that was to be joined at the meeting at Champoeg was the old one of British or American ownership of Oregon, now on the very

point of coming to a decisive issue before the people of Oregon itself.

It was an intense moment when the appointed meeting gathered at Champoeg on the 2nd day of May, and it was found that the larger part of the adult males of the Oregon settlement were present and ready for the decisive contest. Dr. Ira L. Babcock, of the Methodist Mission, was made chairman of the meeting, and G. W. Le Breton elected secretary. A committee of twelve, which had been appointed at a previous meeting to report at this, made a report which favored an organization. A motion to accept it was made, but the Hudson's Bay men and the Catholics under the lead of Rev. F. N. Blanchet, unanimously voted "No," and the motion to accept was lost. There was much confusion and some consternation at this result, for it seemed that all the hopes of those who had labored so earnestly and patriotically in behalf of the organization of a Provisional government were to be blasted. Mr. Blanchet's forces were well trained, and though many of them did not well understand the English language, they could say "No" when any motion was made by one on the side of an organization, and "Yes" when the motion was made by one of their own side. There was hesitation about another motion that would bring the question to a direct vote. In the midst of the uncertainty, a loyal mountaineer stepped forth and solved the uncertainty. "Joe Meek," an old Rocky Mountain man, of tall, erect and commanding form, fine visage, with a coal-black eye, and the voice of a stentor, stepped out of the crowd and shouted, "All in favor of the report of the committee and an organization, follow me." The Americans, with a few of the more intelligent and far seeing of the Canadians were

quickly in line by his side. The opposition, led by Blanchet, filed more slowly "to the left." The lines were carefully counted. Fifty-two stood with Meek; fifty with Blanchet; so narrow was the margin on this historic hour in favor of the organization of any government at all.

If Joseph L. Meek had never performed any other public act worthy of mention the act of this day would alone have made his name historic. He was a leader among the Rocky Mountain men who had abandoned the perilous and unsatisfactory life of the fur hunter for a home under the blue skies and on the flowery prairies of the Willamette. These were, almost to a man, loyal Americans, and in all the questions that were being thus adjudicated in Oregon they could be depended upon to vote and act for the interests of the United States. The mountaineer and the missionary stood side by side on this occasion, as, indeed, they did on many another that concerned the country which they had both chosen for their home.

The result of the count was received with ringing shouts by the Americans; shouts which will "go ringing down the grooves of time," as marking an act hardly less decisive than any other one act that illustrates the history of Oregon. Promptly the chairman called the meeting to order again, but the defeated party, under the lead of Mr. Blanchet, silently and somewhat sullenly withdrew, leaving only those who had voted in the affirmative to conclude the business of the day. This was easily accomplished, as the meeting was now in the hands of its friends. It proceeded at once to the organization of a form of government, providing for the election of a supreme judge, with probate powers, a clerk of the court, a sheriff, three magis-

strates, three constables, a treasurer, a major and three captains. It also appointed a Legislative Committee of nine. These places were all filled by competent and patriotic men, as follows: A. E. Wilson, supreme judge; G. W. Le Breton, clerk of the court; J. Meek, sheriff; W. H. Willson, treasurer; and Messrs. D. Hill, Robert Shortess, Robert Newell, Alanson Beers, T. J. Hubbard, W. H. Gray, J. O'Neil, R. Moore and William Doughtery, Legislative Committee.

This meeting adjourned to the 5th day of July, when it was to hear a report from the Legislative Committee on a form of organic law for the nascent commonwealth.

It had been fixed on the 5th day of July in order that the people might gather on the day preceeding and show their American loyalty by a grand "Independence Celebration." Both the celebration and the meeting on the 5th were occasions to call out the greatest enthusiasm. Rev. Gustavus Hines delivered an oration on the 4th, and was also the president of the meeting on the 5th. Quite a number of those who opposed an organization at the preceeding meeting were present at this and announced their cordial support of the objects sought to be obtained by the Americans. The Catholic missionaries and the members of the Hudson's Bay Company, however, not only did not attend, but publicly asserted that they would not submit to the authority of any government that might be organized. The represenatives of the Hudson Bay Company even addressed a communication to the leaders of the movement, stating that they felt abundantly able to defend both themselves and their political rights. But neither opposition nor threats gave pause to the

determined men who were leading this movement for a government that should be American.

With affairs in this attitude, Mr. Hines announced that the report of the Legislative Committee was in order. It was accordingly read by Mr. Le Breton. It consisted of a body of what were styled "organic laws," prefaced by the following preamble:

"We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection, and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us."

The report of the Legislative Committee, with slight amendments, was adopted by the meeting. The report provided for the election of an "Executive Committee" of three, and, on ballot being taken, Alanson Beers, David Hill and Joseph Gale were chosen. The other officers elected in May were continued until the following May.

When the primary meeting of the loyal citizens of Oregon adjourned on the evening of the 5th of July, 1843, Oregon had passed into a condition where every man was a law unto himself into that of an organized political commonwealth.

This action was bold, and might be called revolutionary, as Oregon was claimed alike by Great Britain and the United States. As against the claim of Great Britain it approached rebellion. The people of Oregon had decided for themselves where their allegiance lay. That decision did more than any one thing or any dozen things else to decide the "Oregon Question," and if it is justifiable to claim for any man or any one fact

the glory of "Saving Oregon" to the United States, it must lay to the credit of the men whose presence and work in the country, and whose constant memorializing of the government of the United States in behalf of the country, and whose intense Americanism, always and everywhere displayed, had made the organization of the "Provisional Government" a possibility.

The government thus ordained was so wisely administered that opposition gradually subsided. In the autumn following an immigration of not far from 100 people from the eastern states entered the Willamette Valley, and melted quietly and happily away into the body politic of the embryo State, thus giving such a vast preponderance to the American population and sentiment that even the Hudson's Bay Company and the Catholic priests saw that further opposition would be useless, and began to cooperate with the new order of things. Some changes were subsequently made in the "Organic law." The "Executive Committee" of three was found to be cumbersome, and provision was made for the election of a governor, and at an election in 1845, George Abernethy, whose name has so often and honorably appeared in this history, was chosen to that important place.

To the immortal honor of Oregon it may be recorded that no country ever had a greater proportion of men strong enough and wise enough to govern themselves than she had. This was the result of the auspices under which the foundations of her civilization were laid. Her pioneers were the Missionaries of the Cross, and no names at this day of 1899 are mentioned so often by her historians as the names of the noble missionary bands of the period beginning with Jason Lee, first and foremost of them all, in 1834.

Mr. Abernethy's term of office was in most exigent times for the new and feeble commonwealth, but he filled it in a manner that reflected honor on himself, on the missionary service from which he graduated to the chair of executive of the young commonwealth, and to the great advantage of the people who had chosen him to be the First Governor of Oregon. All questions of the ownership of Oregon having been decided in the manner forecast in the organization of the Provisional Government, and the Government of the United States having organized her into a Territory of the Union, on the 3rd day of March, 1849, Governor George Abernethy, of the Provisional Government, passed over his authority into the hands of Governor Joseph Lane, appointed Territorial Governor by President Polk, and the Provisional was merged into the National authority.

This change was a change only in form. The Provisional Government was an American Government. California had her "Bear Flag," Texas had her "Lone Star," but Oregon never marched under any other banner than the "Stars and Stripes." From the time Jason Lee stepped over the ridge of the continent on the 15th day of June, 1834, and began his march to the western sea, her missionaries, her immigrants, her mountaineers forever sung to the winds and waves of her glorious mountains and her illimitable seas

"The Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
O'er the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

True, he found, as he stepped on the pebbly beach of the mighty Columbia at Vancouver, on the 16th day of September, 1834, a flag-staff, and a British flag flying at its peak, but it was marred by a cabalistic sign, "H. B. C.," on its crimson

folds. It was degraded from its national significance to the mere emblem of trade and barter and gain. The results of his work, and the work of those who accompanied him and of those who followed him have found their glorious vindication in the grand Pacific Empire that they revealed, and then confirmed to the Great Republic. And it is not possible to evade the historic conclusion reached by one of the most painstaking students of the story of missionary work on the Northwest coast: "That to the Methodist missionaries and their friends in Washington and elsewhere was due the inaugural movements towards a Provisional Government with all that it implied." Its implication and its sure prophecy was the treaty of 1846, between the United States and Great Britain, under which the latter withdrew her flag from all the territory of the "Old Oregon," and the former lifted the "Stars and Stripes" in unchallenged authority over what is now the grandest, most resourceful, most patriotic and most promising of our National Domain. This Empire of the West faces the old Orient, and here are the forces that will renew the great histories of the olden times in them under the loftier inspirations of the Anglo-Saxon spirit that so splendidly dominates this "Ultimate West."

CHAPTER IX.

Historical Error of Sir George Seymour.

IT will be remembered by the student of history that in 1579 Sir Francis Drake discovered the Bay of San Francisco, just 267 years before the Collingwood, commanded by Sir George Seymour, sailed through the Golden Gate. This was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, who had bestowed the order of knighthood upon Drake for gallant service in the destruction of the great Armada, which occurred during her reign. Drake had not only discovered the bay, but had laid claim to the entire country under the name of New Albion, which made it by right of discovery a part of the British Empire.

It seems, however, to have escaped the notice of the British admiral that the conditions of international law had never been fulfilled on the part of England, and, for that reason, if for no other, his hoisting the flag in 1846 would have been of no avail whatever. The right of discovery had lapsed 67 years previous to his arrival.

An additional reason why Admiral Seymour at that particular time desired to prevent the raising of the American flag at San Francisco is found in the fact that what is known as the "Oregon Boundary" question was then unsettled. Many at the present day remember the electioning "Slogan," 54-40 or fight, which carried a quite ordinary man into the Presidential office over one of the most popular statesmen our nation ever

produced. England then laid claim to all the rest of the territory north of the Columbia River, by virtue of its occupancy by the "Hudson Bay Company," which had its headquarters at Vancouver, one hundred miles above the mouth of that river. It will be noted, the Northwest Fur Company, founded by John Jacob Astor, had been bought up by the Hudson Bay people, who claimed to be under the jurisdiction of the British government. If that contention had made good, with the same government floating its banner at San Francisco Bay, the United States would have been without a harbor of any consequence on the Pacific Coast. Thanks to the noble pioneers of Oregon and California, we now have them all from Victoria on the north to San Diego on the south.

Disappointed at San Francisco, the final struggle was transferred to Oregon, and other actors appeared upon the scene. The peculiar difficulties and embarrassments that surrounded the people of California were measurably unknown in Oregon, excepting it may be that the same intense American sentiment dominated both localities. We shall better maintain the continuity of our historic narrative by centering the thoughts of our readers upon a new class of actors who were working out the same result in a different manner and in quite a different way. With more of the calmness and self-poise than has usually characterized the citizens of our country, in great emergencies, and with an impulse springing from the most lofty ideals of personal responsibility, a few men under discouraging environments were working out social and political problems that were destined to touch with vital force the life of generations yet unborn.

Being disappointed in his expectations of gaining a foot-

ing in California, Sir George Seymour, instead of sailing north, where was to be found a vast field and where he might still do efficient service in promoting the general purpose of the British government, in a despondent and pettish mood, sailed as far from it as he well could, thus leaving the American people of the Pacific Coast free to work out their destiny more in harmony with the sentiment of freedom and justice. We can scarcely realize what the result would have been had the influence he was capable of exerting been added to that of the Hudson Bay Company in determining the relations of Oregon to the British government. While we might have saved California, yet the loss of all the country north of San Francisco would have been reduced almost to a dead certainty.

So narrow indeed was the margin betwen the forces in the field that but a miracle could have saved any part of the Pacific Coast to the United States. With emotions of love and gratitude we contemplate the hand of Providence in saving to our nation so rich an inheritance. No intelligent man can contemplate the wonderful events of the last fifty years without finding his faith in a God of wisdom and truth marvellously strengthened.

FOLLY OF SIR GEORGE SEYMOUR.

Little did Sir George Seymour, when on his mission to the Pacific Coast, in the British warship "Collingwood," realize what an opportunity he missed to do a signal service to his country, and at the same time to have immortalized his own name, when, in a pettish feeling of disappointment at seeing the American flag waving over Portsmouth Square in San Francisco on the 7th of July, 1846, instead of heading his noble ship towards

the Sandwich Islands he had steered directly for the mouth of the Columbia River, and joining his forces with those of the Hudson Bay Company assisted in fixing the boundary line between British Columbia and the Territory of Oregon.

To have cast into the strong, yet somewhat chaotic elements of British strength which was centered at the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, under the able leadership of Dr. McLaughlin, reinforced as he was by the Catholic church at that particular time, the additional forces under the command of Sir George Seymour, with a war vessel like the Collingwood anchored at the Vancouver wharf, would without doubt have outnumbered and overawed the American element to that extent as to make their success an utter impossibility, and the Columbia river must have been the dividing line between British Columbia and a small but powerless community on the south side of the Columbia river. All the Northwest would have gone to Great Britain, the moral, and many of the physical influences of the Louisiana Purchase would have been destroyed forever. Never in the history of the world was an empire gained on such a small margin; never was an empire lost by such consummate folly, ignorance and whimsical pettishness. When Providence drew an obscuring veil over the face of Admiral Seymour so as to leave him to wander away from the Golden Gate to the Sandwich Islands, little if anything less was done for human civilization and hope, than when the same hand drew aside the obscuring veil from the eyes of Captain Grey and revealed to him the broad, open channel of the majestic Columbia. So true it is that "He makes the wealth of man to please Him."

When the historian shall come with a vision so unclouded,

and a faith so pure and exalted as to be able to see the ever-brightening pathway that leads to the millenial dawn, we shall see God in history as we have never seen him before. The world will soon see that it is not by the hastening tread of marshaled legions, not by the thunder of cannon, or the charge of gleaming steel, but the persuasive voice of peace, and the uplifting energy of Divine Love that reveals to the world its hope and assurance of its ultimate triumph over every foe. Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts."

Broader and more positive every day reveals to us the essential and ineffaceable difference between the civic virtues inhering in the teachings of Christianity and the blind and erratic utterances of human expediency. All over the broad earth the wise, the thoughtful, are reaching forth their hands to grasp and to hold the inestimable treasures of a permanent and abiding peace and joy.

CHAPTER X.

The Raising of the First American Flag in Santa Clara County, and Incidents Which Preceded and Followed that Event.

I TAKE it for granted that the gathering of historical incidents and personal experiences connected with the early settlement and development of Santa Clara County, is not the only purpose of this Association. No doubt you have fully taken into account the peculiar features of our situation, as well as the unique character of our present and past environment, and also the unusual and varied impulses that dominated the chief agencies that have guided our steps thus far on our course.

In California, to a greater extent than in any other State in the Union, it has been more difficult to gather together communities where a co-operative integrity with a unity of place and purpose could be sustained for any considerable length of time. In a State with a cosmopolitan population like ours, with so many untried and uncommon possibilities, the experimental stage must necessarily be greatly varied, and in all cases exceedingly difficult and protracted. It is obvious, therefore, that a clear and satisfactory continuity of historical narrative will scarcely be maintained unless a correlation of time and events are carefully considered.

I think we may safely say that a failure at this point has been the chief cause of the fragmentary and unsatisfactory character of nearly all our historical publications on the Pacific Coast. Local

events of real interest, have been deprived of much of their importance by being shorn of needed auxiliary aid, and are thus made to appear disjointed and bewildering.

The historic setting that surrounded the ten days succeeding July 7th, 1846, can scarcely be equaled by any period of the same length of time in all the past history of this nation.

In estimating the beauty and relevancy of individual or national achievement, we should always seek the beginning from the end and not the end from the beginning. Indeed, by this philosophy of historic narrative, we shall be quite sure to estimate correctly the characters of the men who played such a prominent part in the stirring scenes of sixty years ago, and whose marvellous deeds it is the work of the historian to strive to perpetuate.

To simply mention such names as Float, Montgomery, Revere, Sutter, Fallon, Fremont, Dupont and Stockton, is but to immortalize any scene or any work of which they had formed a part. While, on the other hand, the Castros, the Vallejos, the Pockicoes and the Alvisos stood in the front rank of the Spanish population of the Pacific Coast. We have no word of reproach for those noble men, or of condemnation for the part they played in the stirring drama of those eventful days. An uncontrolable destiny seemed to have fixed their course and determined their sphere of action, and what they purposed and what they did was in perfect harmony with the spirit and tendency of the age in which they lived.

And now let us have clearly before our minds the exact situation when the brave Capt. Thomas Fallon quietly marched down from yonder mountains with his little band of refugees,

and boldly lifted to the soft, gentle breezes of a July morning that most beautiful symbol of a nation's glory. This little band of intelligent and heroic men, understanding more fully than others the trend of passing events. had quietly retired to the Coast Range of mountains, camping near what is now known as Wright's Station, where they patiently awaited events that were daily expected to occur in the valley below, and where they could easily watch the movements of those whom they knew to be antagonistic to their plans and purposes.

At that time there were but thirty stars shining upon that banner, now there are forty-six and more close at hand. Then there were about thirty million inhabitants living in the United States, now there are eighty-five million, while equally great and marvellous has been our advance in all other departments of national strength and greatness.

But now look at the situation during the six eventful days between the raising of the flag by Commodore Sloat at Monterey, and the performance of the same patriotic work by Captain Fallon at San Jose. Sloat had quietly moved out of the harbor of Mazetlan with his little fleet of three small vessels, and turning their prows towards the north, sought to conceal both the place of his destination and the object of his mission. He leisurely moved up the coast, and in a few brief hours, cast his anchor in the broad open bay of Monterey, where he immediately disembarked a small squad of his sturdy marines. From the place of their landing their vision could scan the ocean far northward towards the Golden Gate, but not a sail appeared to break the monotony of the scene, and not a sound but the solemn roar of the dashing billows of the ocean.

The Commodore was not long in making known the object of his visit, for in a few moments a flag-staff consisting of a castoff spar was firmly planted in the rocky soil, from the summit of which floated for the first time in California that beautiful banner we all love and admire.

Scarcely had this work been accomplished when the Collingwood, one of England's most powerful war-ships, coming from the same Mexican port, and commanded by Admiral Sir George Seymour, entered the harbor of Monterey and cast its anchor near the flagship of Commodore Sloat. The Commodore was not long in gaining the deck of the Collingwood, and with the utmost suavity and politeness bade the distinguished Admiral a most cordial welcome and a most pleasant sojourn at Monterey.

At this point of their interview, in answer to the greetings of Commodore Sloat, Sir George unwittingly revealed the sinister design of his present attitude, by quietly remarking "You Americans have stolen a march on me, but I guess it is all right." These few words, while attempting to conceal a great disappointment, gave expression to a prophecy that, in the march of events soon to follow and even in our day, has been wonderfully fulfilled.

And now, see how these events began to develop themselves and how rapidly they have moved in shaping the character and destiny of our State and Nation. While the Commodore was endeavoring to entertain the British Admiral to the best of his ability, a foaming steed might have been seen speeding over hill and valley, headed towards the Bay of San Francisco, bearing a message from Commodore Sloat to Captain Montgomery, who, with the little sloop Portsmouth, was stationed at that port. The

message read as follows: "You will immediately hoist the American flag at your place, and also at Sonoma." Lieutenant J. W. Reveer was soon crossing the bay with this order from Montgomery. "Take down the Bear Flag and run up in its place the Stars and Stripes." Thus went down forever that strange and mysterious symbol, the secret meaning and design of which was closely guarded by its author; but having served its purpose, could not and did not abide. No event, perhaps, in the early history of the State, has given rise to more romance and conjecture, than the raising of the "Bear Flag" at Sonoma by Colonel Fremont after his return from the wilds of Oregon in 1846. When the historian who is to come, shall give to the country a true version of this interesting transaction it will be seen to have been more far reaching and decisive in its results than almost any other event of those early days.

We will now return for a few moments to our redoubtable English Admiral whom we left in the harbor of Monterey as the guest of Commodore Sloat. After completing a few slight repairs to his vessel, he quietly weighed anchor and turned the prow of the Collingwood towards the Bay of San Francisco, feeling quite certain that for once, at least, that sly and wide-awake Yankee had been left behind. A few hours' sail brought him to the Golden Gate, entering which, he sailed quietly over the placid waters of the bay, charmed by the virgin beauties of the scenery around him, and fondly anticipating a speedy and successful termination to his anxiety and toil. While preparing to anchor his ship, for, as he hoped, a long and peaceful rest, he happened to turn his vision landward when lo! there, right before his astonished gaze, appeared the seemingly ubiquitous Stars and

Stripes waving in majesty and triumph, and kissed by the gentle breezes of the ocean. The well-laid scheme of the Admiral had failed, the keen-sighted Yankee was once more victorious. Seeing that the game was now up, the disappointed Admiral at once saw the futility of further effort. In a few hours the noble ship Collingwood was gracefully riding the foam-crested billows of the mighty Pacific, headed toward the Sandwich Islands, and disappearing below the distant horizon the last hope of Great Britain to capture California was lost forever. Three years before she had met with a similar failure in Oregon, the circumstances attending which having come to the knowledge of Fremont, materially aided him in the shrewd and successful work which gave to the Union the Golden State of California.

It will be remembered that in 1579 the bold and successful navagator Sir Francis Drake had discovered the Bay of San Francisco, and after remaining there for several months, gave it the name of New Albion and claimed the entire country for the sovereign of England. Notwithstanding the fact that 267 years had passed away since Drake had made this discovery, yet the English had done absolutely nothing to make good their claim, and the country had remained for all these years in the undisputed possession of Spain.

But the eighteenth century had brought many wonderful changes, and no nation seemed more alert in studying those changes and availing herself of the advantages they might offer than did Great Britain.

Every movement of Admiral Seymour plainly indicated that he was on the Pacific Coast for a specific purpose, and that such purpose was antagonistic to the one which occupied the time and

attention of Commodore Sloat. Of this fact the raising of the American flag at Monterey had just given an undoubted evidence, and the revelation had just put both parties on their guard, and as a natural consequence, materially quickened the action of each. The Admiral in his reply to Sloat, also, had made it quite plain that, in his opinion the crucial hour had not yet arrived, but was so near at hand that time had become an important factor in all his future movements.

California especially seemed of the utmost importance to England at this particular crisis. Besides enabling her to press with greater hope of success her claims in the north, it would serve as a valuable auxiliary in building up her Canadian possessions, and in neutralizing the expected benefits to flow to the United States from the Louisiana Purchase.

San Francisco Bay then, by virtue of Sir Francis Drake's discovery, was, in the estimation of Admiral Seymour the key to the present situation. To reach that point before Sloat, to raise the British flag where Drake had raised it 279 years before and to revive that ancient claim, would place him upon a vantage ground from which no power on earth would be able to dislodge him. If he failed in this he well knew the failure would be ruinous and fatal. And he failed, and now the Admiral's recent prophecy, "I guess it is all right," is gloriously fulfilled and together we will continue to sing to the dashing billows of our illimitable seas:

"The star spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Then followed in rapid succession, the raising of our flag at Sonoma, Sacramento, and San Jose, which brings us to the

13th day of July, 1846, and to the northwest corner of Market and Post streets, then, and until recently called El Dorado. There, not far from the place where stands the present flag-pole, Captain Fallon, surrounded by about thirty brave companions joyfully, with shouts of triumph, and just as the first rays of the marching sun shot their shimmering beams down from the lofty summit where now stands our noble observatory, raised on high the first American flag that ever fluttered in the gentle breezes of Santa Clara County.

And still the patriotic work went on. Five more localities witnessed the same noble ceremony, coming in the following order: San Juan, July, 18th; San Diego, July 29th; Santa Barbara, August 4th; San Pedro, August 6th; Los Angeles, August 13th; San Fernando, January 12th, where the final surrender was made to Colonel John C. Fremont, and a territory larger than ten Palestines was forever redeemed from the semi-barbarism of Spanish rule, and consecrated to the cause of freedom and progress.

Thus was the chain completed that now binds together the fairest land upon which the sun shines, with the most glorious destiny that humanity can know. And now,

With chords of love no earthly power can part,
We'll bind this sacred banner to our heart,
And gathering strength from heaven-descended power,
Find a sure triumph in each threatening hour.

CHAPTER XI.

Memorial Poem Recited at Vernon, N. Y.

Freedom! thou sweetest word in human tongue,
Of thee have sages thought and poets sung,
In all the ranks of busy human kind
This word, suggestive, thrills the sentient mind,
Sweeps the dark clouds of gloomy night away,
And brings before us joy-inspiring day;
Falls like sweet music on the ravished ear,
And stills the heart that palpitates with fear,
Lifts up the head so long by sorrow bound
And spreads the bow of promise on the cloud.

Ye heavenly Powers! while I begin my song,
Inspire my soul, and bear the strain along,
Bring to my aid the patriot's holy fires,
That glowed so brightly in departed sires,
Bid them survey us from the bending sky,
And tell us how to live and how to die.

Is there a heart so dead to purest bliss,
As not to glory in a land like this,
Whose mind debauched by treason's deadly blight,
Would sink its glories in eternal night?
Avant! ignoble one, and let they name

Perish forever from the roll of fame,
Turn from the place where noble patriots stood,
And leave your country for your country's good,
But let the pure these hallowed hours employ
To swell the anthem of a nation's joy.

Thou glorious banner! emblem of the free,
Whose radiant beauties cover land and sea,
Beneath thy star-lit folds do millions bring
The gladsome offerings of another spring;
The grey-haired father with the mystic thread
That links the living with the honored dead,
The sober matron who her time employs
In forming patriots of her growing boys,
The bright-eyed maiden whose unfolding charms
Await a transit to her lover's arms,
The little urchin, whose soft, flaxen curls
In sportive glee the gentle breeze twirls,
The rich, the poor, the humble and the proud
May here be gathered in one common crowd;
And lifting up to heaven the beaming eye
Swear with this flag to live and for it die.

No other standard shall our homage claim,
No other color, whatsoer'er its name,
In beauteous contrasts, red white, and blue,
Is the proud banner which our fathers made;
And not one star shall ever from it fade,
While floating now in freedom's bold crusade,

Not half so quick the forked lightning flies,
On murky cloud along the bending skies,
As our just wrath to smite with instant death
Who breathes upon it but one hostile breath.
Is there a land beneath the circling sun,
Where mountain rears its head or rivers run,
That can, Columbia, ever equal thee,
Whose verdant beauties spread from sea to sea?
On thy broad bosom nations come to rest,
And throng the valleys of our peerless west,
The bleeding victims of oppression's wiles,
Hear of thy blessings with a thousand smiles,
While He who rules the heavenly powers above
Looks down and blesses with a Father's love.

How must their spirits feel the lambient flame
Of brightening hope, at mention of thy name,
Else never could these swarming millions brave
Such sundered ties, and oceans swelling wave,
They drop the tear, and heave the sorrowing sigh,
O'er the dear spot where friends departed lie,
Sadly they breathe the tender word, adieu,
To all the scenes their early childhood knew;
Gazing, they stand and view the less'ning shore,
Whose hills and vallies they shall see no more.
Silent they stand resolve to fix in mind
Those joys and friendships they have left behind.

As beauteous Dido plied her winsome art,

To fix the flame of love in Eanea's heart,
To stay his steps and give his wandering o'er,
And brave the ocean and the wars no more,
But find at one in Carthage's pleasing scene
A rising kingdom and a lovely queen.

So does our goddess kindly spread her arms,
And bid the nations view her radiant charms,
Speaks sweetly to them from her loving heart,
And soothes their sorrows by her gentle art,
Spreads her broad ages in the needful hour,
And awes the tryrant by her dreadful power.
But bids the oppressed enjoy her fruitful soil,
And spread her glory by their willing toil.

Dark is the soul, and void of truth and right,
Unworthy happiness, unworthy light,
Unfit for public trust, for private care,
A wretch, a monster, who would thee forswear,
Or with a cruel hand would wish to rend
The beauteous garments of so kind a friend.

Here let us pause and carefully relate
What makes a nation truly wise and great.
Do towering monuments that pierce the sky,
O'er the proud dust where buried heroes lie?
Do cities fair with gorgeous temples crowned,
Or busy commerce with its murmuring sounds,
Is it the train that thunders through the land

To bear our products to some distant strand?
Or the tamed lightning darting o'er the wire,
To bear our message on its wings of fire?
No: these may flourish with exulting pride,
Where virtue, honor, truth and right have died.

'Tis men we need, men of a noble mould,
Who scorn to barter principle for gold,
Constant to keep a noble end in view,
And with unfaltering step that end pursue.
Who seek through all the fleeting days of life
To turn the thoughtless from the paths of strife,
Who scorn the seeds of party hate to sow,
From which a crop of bloody deeds may grow,
Who call no virtue by a fancied name,
And then betray her to a lasting shame,
Who passion crush, however strong or dear,
And for no loss of evil shed a tear,
Who loathes the man who holds the evil creed,
"Bleed not for country but your country bleed."

Say, trembling statesman, can ye do no more
Than fearful paltry souls have done before,
But while prophetic clusters fill the hand
Halt on the borders of the promised land?
Learn this, while sailing o'er a troubled sea,
The wise possess a chart unknown to thee,
They hold no parley with unmanly fear,
But boldly by the light of truth they stear,

Knowing a prattling child who holds the right
Will crush an emperor tho' clothed with might,
That none who kindle passion's deadly hate,
Can ever make a nation truly great,
But he who bears the wonder-working rod,
In strict obedience to the voice of God,
Shall face with steadfast heart at duty's call,
Ten thousand dangers and surmount them all.
Such were the men who on New England's shore
Planted their standard in the days of yore,
They scorned the fiery bolt by tyrants hurled,
And breathed new power into a sinking world,
Who dared to think and act on nature's plan,
And grant her born to each aspiring man,
Said to the waves that beat the trembling soul,
"Thus far, no farther, shall thy waters roll."
But here whole sombre forests nod the head
O'er paths by savages for ages tread,
Where untamed beasts from gloomy thickets sprang,
Or serpents coiled to dart the deadly fang,
Where birds and insects bright with various hue
In sportive glee, or fatal fury, flew.
Here in the name of freedom we will stand,
Turning forever from our native land,
And while to heaven we raise our fervent call,
Build up an empire that shall never fall.
Nobly they stood with calm and steadfast mind,
Neither to reason nor to conscience blind,
A holy impulse all their bosoms fired,

And history speaking o'er the lapse of time,
Has made their memory and their deeds sublime.

With newborn zeal we votive offerings bring,
And names immortal here attempt to sing.
We hail with joy our country's bright'ning morn,
And turn from empires and from kings with scorn,
Now, while our radiant flag is here unfurled,
Proclaim our doctrine to a list'ning world,
And charge our minds at each inquiring turn,
To hold the truths that others seek to learn.

Yes: there are men whom liberty can trust,
To guard her banner from despoiling dust.
Whose souls united to the sons of worth,
Will speak, enraptured, of her noble birth,
Sing of her beauteous life in Eden's bowers,
When man unfallen, passed his joyous hours,
Tell how in classic Greece her footsteps strayed
To claim asylum in Arcadian shade.
Then how her form on restless pinions flies,
To scan the beauty of Italia's skies,
And mourn the while that man should care to know
Her name, her spirit, and her work below:

But see! once more we view her radiant face,
Cheering the nations with its winning grace,
Smiling where Gesler feels the wrath of Tell,
And weeping when a Kosciusko fell;

Bold Cromwell cheers with vengeance in his eye.
But sighed to see a noble Hampden die,
Inspired the Pilgrims when the Mayflower bore
Her gathered treasures to a distant shore.

Here now I rest, and fold my weary wings,
And turn, rejected, from the courts of kings,
And here for ages will I fix my seat,
While gathering millions shall my image greet;
I'll here inspire the orator and sage,
To spread their wisdom on the classic page,
The warrior's soul shall feel my secret power
And stand undaunted in the dangerous hour.
The fettered slave shall feel my sudden stroke,
And from his neck shall fall the galling yoke,
And beauteous woman, guided by my wand,
Shall be enfranchised through this favored land.
Like yon bright pillar raised at heaven's command,
To guide His people o'er a deserted land,
In lonely wilds it shed its hallowed light,
And blazed its glory on the gloom of night,
Guiding the wandering in his weary way,
And gave to midnight all the light of day.
So shall my radiance, heavenly and divine,
On you who love me never cease to shine.

Shall we not sing at each returning year,
Those names to freedom and to country dear,
Shall we not tell the mighty deeds they wrought,

The words they uttered and the battles fought?
How firm they stood in danger's trying hour,
To stem the tide of treason's threatening power.
Shall freedom's altar, reared at such a cost,
To future ages be forever lost,
Shall we consent in doubting fear to stand,
And let dread Anarch rule this lovely land?
No, never, never, will we cease to be
True to those men who made our country free.

In all the forms that joy has been expressed,
With all the hope that kindles in the breast,
With all the zeal that human bosom fires,
With all the faith that heavenly love inspires,
We'll march, and weep, and talk, and sing and pray,
Through all the hours of this memorial day.
Not like the matrons in Eneas train,
Wearied with toil and dangers of the main,
In wanton haste, by adverse gods inspired,
With impious hands their anchored vessel fired,
And sought to end in the devouring flame,
Rome's future empire and the Trojan name;
We swear no human hands, however great,
Shall bear the torch to fire our Ship of State.
If to that work one step they dare to go,
That step shall make those men our mortal foe;
No mountain heights, or forest's rocky dell,
No cave, though deeper than the depths of hell,
Shall be a refuge from the awakened wrath,

That sweeps with fury on the traitors' path,
And pauses not, till their false bosoms feel
The fatal power of our avenging steel.

Our humble lyre must strike its mournful strains,
To tell the glory of two noble names,
And wait the bard with a diviner flame
To sing more sweetly of their deathless fame.

Thou sainted Lincoln! whose untimely end
Bereft a nation of its dearest friend,
To imitate thy virtues shall engage
The toiling patriot of each coming age.
From thee they learn to love their country's laws,
And die with pleasure in her sacred cause;
No sting of envy thy pure soul possessed,
No vengeful feelings burned within thy breast,
From chilling prejudice thy mind was free,
And suffering bondmen found a friend in thee;
No sordid end pursued, but firmly stood,
For truth, and labored for the people's good,
While slumbering now among the silent dead,
A martyr's crown adorns thy sainted dead,
And while we cherish what thy brave deeds won,
We write thy name next to our Washington.

That other scene, we view with tearful eyes,
Where noble, generous, pious Garfield dies.
How grand his speech, how lofty every deed!

Yet for that greatness he is doomed to bleed,
When his pure life admiring men behold,
In conscious virtue theirs are firm and bold,
And view with pride the path his footsteps trod,
Who loved the people, while he loved his God.

Like Carmel's seer who in his deathless flight
Looked down with blessing on a world of might,
And ere his fiery steeds their course began,
Cast gently down one sacred gift to man;
So from his shoulders, as he soars above,
He drops the mantle of a patriot's love.
Go freedom's martyrs! heaven does thus ordain
To rend our bosoms with severest pain,
'Tis thine to tread the flowery fields of bliss,
While we must struggle in a world like this,
But while thy vision sweeps from star to star,
Smile sweetly on us from thy home afar.
And as in heaven thy spirits sing and shine,
Forever hover o'er thy country's shrine.

Rome wept with grief when Cato's body passed,
And cried, alas! this patriot is our last.
Not so are we; when to the grave we give
Our buried heros, others with us live.
Ah never shall our tongues forget to tell
Of how they fought and how their comrades fell,
Of how they stood at evening's fading light,
And watched for freedom through the gloom of night,
In fruitful fields, where smiling verdure grew,

They lift the stains that nature never knew,
They flecked the hill-side with their gushing blood,
And stained the current of the river's flood,
To wounded, dying brothers oft they came,
To take love's tokens, or to learn their name;
Oft on a bosom cold and void of life
They found the picture of a loving wife,
Or one from whom he tore himself away,
Before the pleasures of the bridal day,
Or catch the fleeting message e'er he dies,
And close in death a fallen comrade's eyes.

Where now had been this banner and this day,
Had they betrayed us in that bloody fray,
Had they but faltered in that trying hour,
And gave our country to the traitor's power,
Had they complained and halted on the way,
Because, perchance, they failed to get their pay,
They proved 'tis nobler, let it now be told,
To die for freedom than to live for gold.
Ten thousand blessings on their noble head,
Ten thousand flowers along their pathway spread,
And may they ever feel and ever know
The sweetest pleasures in their life below,
And may at last a Saviour's deathless love
Proclaim them welcome to a home above.

We come not here to strike our lyre to kings,
No servile flattery from us on its strings,

No slavish chords shall bind our souls with fear,
But truth's sweet music charm the list'ning ear.
He that too much his own perfections see
Will see too much the faults of you and me.
We should be calm and moderate in our view
And not with malice any thing pursue.
With equal scales to balance others' rights,
Nor blame at morning what we praise at night,
Not curse old Shylock's every passing hour,
Then do him honor by our lust of power.
Since heavenly wisdom in this world ordains
That freedom follows after galling chains,
That he who views the distant landscape bright
Must toil to reach the mountain's dizzy height,
That ere the calm of sacred peace is ours,
We feel the fearful shock of hostile powers,
And sweetest flowers of sacred memory grow
Along the banks where crimson currents flow;
Who plants the tree must wait the circling years
Before the flower and golden fruit appears.
The man or nation who true greatness knows
Must plant the seeds from whence that greatness grows.
Fair pleasure's train is love, faith, hope and joy,
None but ourselves can this fair train destroy,
If in our land true justice we invade
And dim its brightness by obscuring shade,
If unjust laws instruct at every turn
Shall we complain because the people learn?
Can we demur, when stagnant pools we bare,

If ghastly death rides on the tainted air?
Or when our statutes false distinctions draw
To tangle justice in a web of law?
We strike with vengeance 'till the fight is won,
The creed, that many here must toil for one,
That makes of God an engine here below,
To play man's fury on some hated foe.
If public, and not private good shall stand,
Justice and truth must rule through all the land.
He who would seek to thwart so great an end
Can look to God nor man to find a friend.
When Phoon's hand, by heavenly wisdom led,
The magic ungent o'er his body spread,
Admiring Sappho dropped her trembling lyre,
And sudden wonder checked the poet's fire.
So shall the expanding beauty of our land,
Touched by the plastic power of freedom's hand,
While joyful patriots viewing shall admire
Her altars glowing with celestial fire.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ascent of Mount Hood.

ON the morning of the twenty-fourth day of July, 1866, in company with three gentlemen of the city of Portland, Oregon, I set out with heart and hope, full of determination to stand upon that summit if mortal energy and determination could reach it. Our place of rendezous was at the house of a Canadian by the name of Revnue, who, fourteen years before, had erected a cabin at the place where the emigrant road leaves the mountains and enters the valley of the Willamette. Our way here entered the mountains in the gorge, through which flows a dashing river three hundred feet wide, which rises from beneath the glaciers of Mount Hood. Up this stream we traveled for thirty miles, when, leaving the gorge, the way makes a detour to the right to gain the summit ridge. Here is the celebrated "Laurel Hill." For three or four miles the ascent is continuous, and in many places very steep and difficult. The top of Laurel Hill is the general summit of the range, which is perhaps ten miles in width, and has the general character of a marsh or swamp. There is here a dense and grand growth of fir, cedar, sugar-pine, and kindred evergreens, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of laurel. There is an inexpressible sense of lonliness in these deep solitudes. Struggling rays of sunlight only here and there find way through the dense foliage, and then fall cold and white upon the damp ground. Passing over this level

we crossed several bold, clear streams, dashing across our way from the direction of Mount Hood over beds of scoriaceous sand, which had been borne down from that vast pile of volcanic material, now only five or six miles away. We now found an old Indian trail leading in the direction of the mountain, and, after a ride of an hour and a half upon it, came out into an opening of scattered trees, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain. It was five o'clock when we emerged from the forest, and stood for the time appalled, confronting the body of rocks and snow which springs up from the average altitude of the mountains and enters into wedlock with the bending ether. The bewildering greatness without inspired an unutterable awe within. Selecting a place for our camp on a beautiful grassy ridge between one of the main affluents of the Des Chutes and the Clackamas Rivers, and which really constitute the dividing ridge, we erected a booth of boughs, gathered fuel for a large fire during the night, and gave ourselves up to hours of contemplation of the strange scene around, above, and beneath us.

"The evening now came on, creeping noiselessly over the mountains, and shedding a strange, weird, and melancholy splendor over the scene. The moon was at its full, the sky clear as crystal, and the moonbeams seemed to troop in columns along the glittering acclivities of the glaciers. Mount Hood seemed taller, grander, and more glorious than before. Often, during the night of that march over the hills, I arose from my blankets, walked to a point a few rods away, and contemplated with something of awe and much of reverence the divinely-illumined picture. Those who study Mount Hood only in the studio of the artist, before such paint and brush caricatures Bierstadt's, know

nothing of its real grandeur, its overwhelming greatness. Men praise the artist who, on canvas, can make some slight imitation of such a scene; why will they not adore the Maker whose power and skill builds and paints the grand originals?

At seven o'clock of Thursday, having provided ourselves with staves seven feet in length, and taken such refreshments as we should need on the mountain, we were ready for the ascent. For the first mile and a half the way was easy, over a bed of volcanic rock, decayed, and intermixed with ashes. Huge rocks stood here and there, and two or three stunted junipers and a few varieties of mosses were all the vegetation.

We now reached the foot of a broad field of snow which sweeps around the south side of the mountain for several miles in length, and extending upward to the immediate summit of the mountain, perhaps four miles. Two miles of this snow field is smooth, and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Near its upper edge the deep gorges, from which flow affluents of the Des Chutes on the right, and Sandy on the left, approach each other, cutting down to the very foundations of the mountain. The waters are rushing from beneath the glaciers, which, at the upper extremity, were rent and broken into fissures and caverns of unknown depth.

The present summit of the mountain is evidently what was long since the northern rim of an immense crater, which could not have been less than three miles in diameter. Its southern wall has fallen completely away, and the crater itself is filled with rock and ashes, overlaid with the accumulated snows of ages, through the rents and chasms of which now escape smoke, steam, and gases from the pent-up fires below. The fires are yet so near

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that many of the rocks which project upward through these icy depths are so hot that the naked hand cannot be held upon them. Just at the southwest foot of the circular wall now constituting the summit, and at a distance of about two thousand feet from its extreme height, is now the main opening of the crater. From this a column of smoke and steam is continually issuing, at times rising and floating away on the wind, at other times rolling heavily down the mountain. Into this crater I descended as far as it was possible without ropes, or till the descent was prevented by a perpendicular wall of ice sixty or seventy feet high, which rested below on a bed of broken rock and ashes so hot as immediately to convert the water which dripped continually from the icy roof one hundred feet above into steam. The air was hot and stifling; but I did so desire to gather some ashes and rocks from the bottom of the crater that if ropes had been at hand I should certainly have ventured down.

At this point the real peril of the ascent begins. It leads out and up the inner wall of what was once the crater, and near a thousand feet of it is at an angle of sixty degrees. This ascent is up an ice field, the upper limit of a great glacier, which is crashing and grinding its slow journey down the mountain far to the right. About seven hundred feet from the summit a crevasse from five to fifty feet in width, and of unknown depth, cuts clear across the glacier from wall to wall. There is no evading it. The summit cannot be reached without crossing it. There is no other pathway. Steadily and deliberately poising myself on my staff, I sprang over the crevasse at the most favorable place I could select, landing safe on the declivity two or three feet above it, and then with my staff assisted the others to cross. The

last movement of fifteen feet had considerably changed the prospect of the ascent. We were thrown by it directly below a wall of rock and ice five hundred feet high, down which masses, detached by the sun, were plunging with fearful velocity. To avoid them it was necessary to skirt the crevasse on the upper side for a distance, and then turn diagonally up the remaining steep. It was only seven hundred feet high, but it was two hours' sinewy tug to climb it. The hot sun blazed against the wall of ice within two feet of our faces, the perspiration streamed from our foreheads, our breath was labored and difficult, yet the weary steps of inches were multiplied till, on nearing the summit, the weariness seemed to vanish, an ecstatic excitement thrilled along every nerve, and with feelings and shouts of triumph we bounded upon the pinnacle of the highest mountain in North America.

The summit was reached at about the center of the circular wall which constitutes the extreme altitude, and where it had so sharp an edge that it was impossible to stand erect upon it. Its northern face is an escarpment several thousand feet high. Here we could only lie down on the southern slope, and holding firmly to the rocks, look down the awful depth. A few rods to the west was a point forty or fifty feet higher, to the summit of which we crawled, and there discovered that forty rods eastward was a point still higher, the highest of the mountains. We crawled back along the sharp escarpment, and in a few minutes stood erect on the highest pinnacle. This was found to be seventeen thousand six hundred and forty feet high; the thermometer, by a very careful observation, standing at one hundred and eighty degrees, where the water boiled about forty feet below the summit. This gives thirty-two degrees of depression, which, at the

usual estimate of five hundred and fifty feet to the degree, gives the astonishing altitude indicated above.

The scene around us was indescribable. We were favored with one of the clearest, brightest days of summer, and in this latitude and on this coast objects are plainly visible at an almost incredible distance. It would be impossible to convey to the reader an adequate impression of the scene, yet a few general observations may be taken. The first is the Cascade Range itself. From south to north, from Diamond Peak to Rainier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles, the whole mountain line is under the eye. Within that distance are Mounts Saint Helens, Baker, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, nine snowy mountains. Eastward the Blue Mountains are in distinct view for at least four hundred miles in length, and lying between us and them are the broad plains of the Des Chutes, John Day's, and Umatilla Rivers, one hundred and fifty miles in width. On the west the piny crests of the Coast Range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley sleeping in quiet beauty at their feet. The broad silver belt of the Columbia winds gracefully through the evergreen valley toward the ocean, which we are blending with the horizon through the broad vista at the mouth of the river. Within these wide limits is every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold, battling precipices, and gracefully rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other, forming a whole of unutterable magnificence. The descent to the great crevasse, though much more rapidly accomplished, was perhaps quite as perilous as the ascent. We were now approaching the gorge, and a single misstep might precipitate us into unfathomed depths. Less than half

an hour was sufficient to retrace the weary climbing of three hours, and, standing for a moment on the upper edge of the chasm, we bounded over it where it was about eight feet in width. The impetus of the leap sent us plunging down the icy steep below.

In two hours from the summit we reached our camp. At dark we began to pay the price of our pleasure. The glare of the sun on the ice had burned our faces and dazzled our eyes till they were so painful that not one of the party slept a moment during the night. I kept over my eyes and face a cloth wetted with ice-water all night, and in the morning was able to see; but two of the party were as blind as rocks for forty-eight hours. But we were well compensated for all our toil and pain. And now, as often as thought recurs to the moment when I stood upon that awful height, and the same awe of the infinite God who settest fast the mountains, being girded with power, comes over my soul, I praise Him that He gave me strength to stand where His power speaks with words few mortals ever hear, and the reverent worshipings of mountains and solitudes seem flowing up to His throne.

From this magnificent picture, in which we have seen blended in beautiful harmony extended valleys and fertile plains, dotted here and there with numerous signs of civilization, lines of forest, rising grounds, lofty hills, towering mountains, majestic glaciers, meandering streams, and flowing rivers, we will turn our faces southward, and there, as clearly as from the top of Mount Hood, the shimmering summit of Jefferson greets the eye, and, looking a little further still, the Three Sisters, clad in their robes of unsullied whiteness, stand out in bold relief, as if

to add a finish to the glorious panorama which we have been contemplating. We have as yet gone round but half the circle, and we have time only to glance at the other half, where the Coast Range draws its lines against the western sky, and then leave this point of observation, and proceed up the valley with our explorations. Six miles above the city of Salem comes flowing down into the Willamette from the west a stream called La Creole, which can also boast of its privileges for milling operations, and of watering a splendid portion of the country. Fifteen miles above this is the Luckimute, a fine stream, bordered on each side by fertile plains. Three miles further on is Soap Creek, which can also boast of its advantages. These all rise in the Coast Range, and, running eastward from thirty to fifty miles crosswise of the valley, hasten to mingle their waters with those of the Willamette. Fifteen miles above Salem, on the east side of the Willamette, the Santiam comes dancing down its channel as clear as the crystal drop that oozes from the pines, whose forms are reflected from its limpid waters. This is a very considerable stream, and flows through an excellent portion of the country. The springs of the Cascade Mountains supply its several branches, and from the extent of the country westward, and the driving power which it affords, it is not second to any of the tributaries of the Willamette. Eight miles above the Santiam we come to the point where the flourishing city of Albany is located, at the mouth of the Callapooia River. This stream, rising far up in the Cascades, and flowing across the eastern half of the valley diagonally, fertilizes and beautifies a large portion of the county of Linn. Above this a few miles is another stream, appropriately named Muddy, from the appearance of its dark, tur-

bid waters. Its principal value consists in its affording an abundance of stock water in the dry season. Above this some twenty miles the M'Kenzie fork of the Willamette comes booming out of a gorge in the Cascade Mountains, and from this we will pass over to the westward side, and cross Grand Prarie, beautiful in the extreme, and at its further border we find a very interesting stream bearing the euphonious name of "Long Tom."

This stream rises in numerous rivulets which issue from the Coast Range, and, watering a large extent of country, unite, and, running northward at the base of the foot hills of the Coast Range, discharge their waters into the Willamette twelve miles above the city of Corvallis. We have now reached the upper or south end of the valley proper, and a collection of prairie and timbered hills, which are generally settled up, extend southward for twenty-five miles or more before they swell into the bolder and loftier outlines of the Callapooia Mountains, which form the southern boundary of the great Willamette Valley.

The Siuselaw is a small though independent valley, lying between the waters which flow into the Willamette River and those of the Umpqua. The upper part of this valley, some fifty miles from the ocean, though small, is rich and fertile, and capable of sustaining a much heavier population than have yet settled upon its limpid and health-giving waters. The river pierces the entire Coast Range, forming a valley of varied extent, and empties itself into the Pacific Ocean. Salmon enter this river, as also nearly all the streams that run into the ocean, in great abundance in their season, so that at times they literally fill the channel from bank to bank.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fourth of July Oration at Santa Rosa.

THE title which your worthy chairman has been pleased to use in presenting me to this large and intelligent audience, on this occasion, has caused some slight degree of embarrassment to take possession of my mind. I am not here as an "oritor," nor do I desire that the few remarks I shall make here to-day should be dignified with the name of an "oration." It is not my desire, even if I were able, to hold up before you in measured and glowing sentences either the things that have been, or those that are expected to be. My ambition will be fully met if I shall succeed in presenting to your minds some plain and important facts upon which you may find it profitable to meditate in other days.

Every solid and enduring advance in both individual or national life and character must be achieved by appeals to the enlightened reason and judgment of men. Our passions and our fancies will never prove to us a safe and reliable guide. These and the various images which they evoke will now, as in the past, "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind."

To-day we count the fifteenth year of the second century of our life as a nation. Nearly four generations have passed away since the great event transpired which gave us this, our natal day. These have been generations whose characters and achievements have made us what we now are. Deeds of noble daring

in battle, deeds of heroic fortitude in toil and suffering, deeds in which have been revealed the most profound learning; the most wonderful flights of eloquence in pulpit, senate and forum; the most inspiring and elevating strains of poetry and song; crowned and sanctified by the purest and most sincere devotion to the institutions of our country and the universal elevation and improvement of the human race. To blot out these deeds and words from the records of time would almost seem equivalent to the destruction of human being and hope. When they, who performed them, came, the world needed them; when the passed away, the world mourned their loss. With all the grand and glorious results of their toil and devotion around us, with all the noble and beautiful traits of their characters for our inheritance; with the elevating and inspiring examples of their unselfish patriotism glowing on the pages of history and living in the cherished and grateful memories of our own souls, we now and here look upward from this sylvan scene, and, while our eyes are greeted with that glorious and revered emblem of our nation's greatness and grandeur, stirred by the gentle breezes from the mountains and kissed by the radiant sunbeams of heaven; with the heart throbbing with sentiments of devotion and love, we exclaim:

"Forever our souls will be grateful to God,
That the blood of such heroes now flows in our veins."

This, we doubt not, is to each one of us a suggestive and patriotic occasion. Not unlike that which burned so brightly in the souls of the founders of the Republic, is the fire that warms our hearts to-day.

But let it be borne in mind that what we are here to cele-

brate on this occasion is not merely or chiefly a day, an act, or an historic event. These, though they may all be interesting and important as revealing a statement by which the human progress is measured, yet above, and beyond, and better, and more glorious than all the facts of history is the *spirit,* the all-pervading life that made these immortal declarations of men the true exponents of the will and purpose of Heaven. It was a mere incident that gave us the day, for the sun was just sinking in the western sky when the momentous decision was reached, but it was an infinite Wisdom that gave us the sentiment and doctrine, by implanting in the nature of man an instinct of freedom, with a living and glowing ideal pointing out the manner of its application and the progress of its development.

When our good brother, with so much fervor and sincerity, bore our spirits heavenward on the wings of faith and prayer, our thoughts turned backward to the time when the fathers of the Republic sought in their councils and deliberations the favour and guidance of Heaven. When a nation or a people loses their hold upon the divine, the most patent and positive element of success and greatness has been weakened, if not destroyed. While we have always and wisely set our faces as a people against all attempts at union of church and State, yet blending with our most enthusiastic tributes to national freedom, has always been found united the elevating and inspiring sentiment of religious devotion. It is as true now as it ever has been in the past that the torch-bearers of human hope, those who have lifted on high the beacon light that has guided a struggling race to battle and to victory, have been thoughtful and reverent men.

While we do not desire to appear unmindful of the physical

struggles of our Revolutionary sires, their sufferings, privations and wonderful and glorious military achievements, yet we cannot pause here to recount them, or make them a leading factor in the lessons to be taught on this anniversary of our natal day. These are all valuable and must not be forgotten by the American people, but their value now, as ever, consists in their power to reveal and enforce a grand and noble principle.

This then shall be the key-note of our present reflections, the inspiration of all our thoughts and words to-day, and not only now and here, but all along the future years, until the whole spirit of the immortal principle of freedom shall become the inheritance of all the people.

Listen again to the grand and noble statement that first fell upon the ears of man in old Independence Hall, and has been to all the intervening generations a priceless treasure of truth and wisdom. To-day, in the light of passing events, it seems to possess a new and more instructive significance than ever before.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

This, then, is what we celebrate to-day: the beauty and grandeur, the far-reaching significance of a Divine Endowment of humanity. "Our Creator" has endowed us with "life," or the privilege and immunities of being. We not only have a right to live because we are, but also because the Creator is. Life is an inestimable, inalienable, God-given endowment or right. In all its forms of presentation, it seems the crowning exercise of Divine power, wisdom and love; the bewildering and unfathomable mystery of all worlds; the only thing without which we know nothing, and about which nothing is known. None by searching can find it, and none by wisdom can tell the place of its hiding, or the boundaries of its dominion and the throne of its power.

There is but one thing in the universe superior to life: that is law; or the mode and model after which life was formed and by which it continues to be.

To be endowed, therefore, by our All-Wise Creator with life implies a free access to all those super-added natural elements by which that life is sustained and perpetuated, such as air, light, water and land. These are the fundamental and vital sources from which all life draws its nourishment and support. No man has a right to say, or can say, that he will continue to exist in this world independent of these natural elements. And no government has a right to say, or can say, that man shall perform the duties and functions of citizenship without the use of these natural elements. It takes all of these to make up the complicated machinery and vital energy we call life. To eliminate one of them is to derange and destroy the whole. They must exist in harmony of support, and in exactness of supply or the

central fire is at once extinguished. All that government can properly do is to guide and encourage man in the attainment of these things, and protect him in their use and enjoyment

One thing we desire especially to impress upon your minds on this occasion; and that is, that we have not measured up to the full demands of a Christian civilization when we make men equal before the law. This undoubtedly would be a great and important consummation, and would work a wonderful and, in many instances, a radical change in our national jurisprudence. The duty of the hour with us is to make the law itself equal. Or, in other words, make the law a true and unmistakable exponent and protector of the natural and inalienable rights of man. When the people give their formal consent to a governmental policy that seeks to hamper or obliterate these, the darkness that obscures and the corruption that enslaves will speedily and inevitably come upon them. This has been the history of all ages and peoples. The scattered wrecks of fallen empires that strew the pathway of departed centuries bear sad and affecting testimony to this inflexible law of human life.

What would be your opinion of a government that would deliberately make it impossible for a part of its good and faithful subjects to drink the refreshing waters, or breathe the vital air, or look upon the golden sunlight, or should turn over these natural elements, which the wise and loving Creator has produced for all, into the hands of a favored few. But you say, this would be a physical impossibility. Suppose we grant this for a moment and see where it will lead us. Upon this theory, the obstacles of control exist in the elements themselves and not in the relation which the government sustains to my personal

inalienable rights. This would eliminate all moral or spiritual attributes from the nature and relations of men and limit the sphere of law to the narrow range of physical powers and possibilities. It would destroy the beauty and harmony of the Creator's workmanship, and bring man down from the lofty and dignified sphere of reason and faith, where the mightiest battles have been fought and the noblest victories won.

The spirit of our great charter undoubtedly contemplated the free and untrammeled access of men to all the natural resources essential to the unfoldment and perpetuity of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." All that government can do is to make it possible for men to realize the best there is, both in themselves and the world around them. The measure and character of its repressive force must always depend upon the action of individuals in endeavoring to justify and maintain an usurpation of natural rights. The spirit of that noble Declaration is lost when government allows even one of the poorest and weakest of its subjects to suffer the loss of a single right, or feel the unnecessary pressure of a single wrong.

Woe to the government that shuts out from the eyes of the people the bright beams of truth, and leaves them to wander in the dark, dismal labyrinths of error and falsehood. Woe to the nation that holds with an unequal hand the scales of equity and justice, and permits any within its borders to become a prey to violence and oppression.

Woe to the country that closes the gates to the temple of knowledge and wisdom, and leaves its toiling and enquiring people to wander upon the bleak and barren mountains of ignorance and folly. When the seed she has planted has sprouted

and grown, and the fruitful harvest of error, injustice, ignorance and degradation has matured and ripened, then, together, with sighing and weeping, we shall be compelled to bend our weary bodies to the toil of reaping. The law of reproduction is as certain and fixed in the moral and political as in the natural world, and it is as true now as it ever has been or ever will be, that "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

We do not believe you would be at all satisfied, or consider us true to the day and the occasion, did we fail to present for your thoughtful consideration some very important and interesting questions of reform and progress that are now pressing upon the attention of the entire nation.

But we wish it distinctly understood that no question will be urged upon you in narrow spirit of captious criticism. We are aware that we are speaking to-day before men and women of different parties and creeds. But better than all, we feel assured that we are addressing those who esteem patriotism as better than party, and truth better than a creed.

Before me are the noble and worthy sons of those immortal statesmen and heroes who promulgated and defended the glorious document read to us, and the ever-living inspiration of which is moving the heart of the nation to-day.

These questions should not and must not be ignored by any. They strike at the very heart of our theme on this occasion. They belong to every man and woman before me. They ought to come to every heart and conscience with a sanction and power from which there can be no appeal.

But we must hasten to other points, leaving you to trace out this fruitful theme in its more elaborate details and find how

fully and inspirably it stands connected with your present and future happiness.

One of the most imminent dangers that threatens the institutions of our country at the present time is the wholesale and reckless manner in which people of other countries are admitted to citizenship in our country. Especially is this noticeable in all our large cities. This practice has become so open and persistent that all intelligent and patriotic people have become filled with suspicion and alarm. No one can longer doubt but that a conspiracy has been formed, by corrupt and destroying men, to break down our industrial system, and destroy the recognized safeguards of our national liberties.

In many instances courts have been held open from early morning until the hour of midnight in order to carry out this nefarious crime against the American people. Thousands and tens of thousands of citizens have been made out of raw and ignorant immigrants, unable to read the English language, and utterly destitute of every qualification essential to a proper understanding of the character and spirit of our institutions. In most instances they are persons who acknowledge a sovereignty existing independent of all national boundaries or laws. Professing to hold authority from a Power that rules and governs all peoples and all kingdoms, it claims the right to establish *impirio impirium*,—an empire within an empire,—for the especial benefit of its own subjects.

Professional witnesses have been kept on hand, ready to testify at a moment's notice to the good moral character of a herd of low, ignorant, degraded persons, who carry in their festering bodies and souls the moral and social pollution and crimes of

twenty centuries. Knowing nothing of the genius of our government, and caring less, they stand ready to yield obedience to the commands and wishes of those whom for generations they and their ancestors have been taught to regard as their guides and masters.

But recently, in the city of New York, 68,000 of these people were made citizens of the United States in the space of one week. Enough, as we can plainly see, to carry any election in that great State in favor of the political party that may chance to have them under its control.

But do not misunderstand us. We rejoice to know that there is a place in this tyrant-cursed world where men and women may find a refuge from the cruel hand of the oppressor. This has been our proud boast through all generations, that America, the land of liberty, has been the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

But from the very first this proud distinction was not intended to imply that this country could or would be an asylum for any principle or practice, whether secular, social or religious, that is not in sympathy and harmony with the institutions of freedom for which our fathers toiled and died.

At the very borders of our territory, we meet the man smitten with a contagious disease, or guilty of a heinous crime, and promptly and without hesitancy turn him back to the place from whence he came. Has it been any more plainly demonstrated, we would enquire, that the physical and moral health and welfare of our people depend upon the exclusion of disease and crime, than that the safety and perpetuity of our government rests upon intelligence and patriotism?

The truth is the time has fully come in the history of this Republic when it becomes a sacred duty on the part of every lover of his country to sound a note of warning upon this question. To hesitate longer would be treason to liberty. However humiliating the statement, yet in the light of recent events, we cannot avoid the conclusion that upon our own soil and in high places of honor and power there is now being matured a purpose to build up an aristocracy of wealth upon the downfall of popular freedom.

America will always be proud to acknowledge that invaluable service of those noble heroes and lovers of liberty who came from their distant homes, from beyond the sea, to aid us by their councils and swords, in our great struggle for independence. The names of Lafayette, De Kalb, Steuben, Pulaski and others, will ever stand associated in our memory and praise with those immortal soldiers and statesmen who had their birth upon our own soil. But all these with one accord, and with one purpose, fought, and toiled, and bled for the nation. And all of their countrymen of to-day, who breathe the same spirit and are actuated by the same motives are welcome to a home within our borders.

We are not, however, at the present time, in the fiery peril of battle, but in the greater and more trying peril of peace. If we fail, therefore, to guard with sleepless vigilance the glorious inheritance that has been left us, and to insist upon a more carefully considered assurance of safety on the part of those who come to our shores, another generation will not have passed away before it will be known the world over that all the blood,

and battle, and speech, and prayers, that have been offered for the liberties of our country have been offered in vain.

Therefore, in all forms of petition and remonstrance, this question must be urged upon the attention of our national and State legislatures without further delay. For the best good of those strangers that have come amongst us; for the sake of the rising generation that is growing up around us; for the safety of a land where human freedom must fight the last battle with oppression and wrong; for the triumph and establishment of a Christian civilization that is here destined to vindicate its heavenly origin, and enthrone truth, justice and love as the dominating principles of all human action, we insist that this matter be pressed for a speedy and favorable decision.

Whatever it may cost, or wherever it may lead us, whether through fire and water, and sacrifice, and suffering, we must stand firm and true, marching steadily and bravely on, until this American sentiment of freedom, that had its birth 115 years ago in old Independence Hall, shall be assured of a life that shall only be measured by the circling years of all coming time.

CHAPTER XIV.

That Other Bear, and How I Escaped.

IN those early days it was no uncommon thing, especially along the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains, to meet a wandering grizzly, and a fresh track made by one of those terrible monsters, when five or six miles from any known habitation, is enough to cause a cautious man to look for a convenient tree, where he might take up his lodgings for the night. About the first thing I did after entering upon my work as agent of the University was to visit the general office of the Central Pacific Railroad and solicit the endorsement of Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, president and vice-president of the road, and who were then regarded as standing at the head of the business men of the State. On entering their office I was at once impressed with the difference in the appearance and attitude of these two men. Mr. Stanford was as grave and serious as an Arch-Bishop and his entire personality indicated strength and endurance, with a faith that could remove mountains, and would, did they but stand in his way. Mr. Crocker, on the other hand, was quick, alert, somewhat impulsive, who would not hesitate if obstacles were in his way, to give them notice to move by an unceremonious kick. Mr. Stanford quietly arose, shook me cordially by the hand, and inquired as to the purpose of my visit. I stated in a brief manner the nature of the work in which I was engaged. I had barely closed my little speech when Mr. Crocker turned ab-

ruptly in his chair, and in a few words settled the whole matter by snapping out: "I know what he wants," and in about two minutes after having written out a free pass on all their railroads and river boats, said, as he handed it to me, "there, take that and call as often as you can. We are building railroads, you are building universities; all are necessary and we will have them all." I quietly remarked, "that will do to start with, and we will consider ourselves both fully committed to a good and noble work." I bowed myself out, and at once hastened to the depot to test the first time the virtue of my pass. I was soon speeding away towards Colfax, where I intended to take the trail to North San Juan, Michigan Bluffs, and other small mining towns in that region. We had a very fine congregation at San Juan and quite a large number of members engaged in mining at the different camps in the foothills. I remained three weeks in that region, preached two and sometimes three times on the Sabbath, and during the week days visited from house to house and explained to the people the plans and purposes of our University. All seemed well pleased at the prospects before us, gave us liberal subscriptions and promises of better things in the future. The distance from Michigan Bluff to Colfax is about 16 miles, with nothing but a pack trail for at least two-thirds of the way. With my satchel strapped on my back I started on that trail just as the sun was rising over the distant mountains, intending to reach the station in order to board the afternoon train for Sacramento. About 10 miles from the starting point I came to a suspension foot-bridge spanning the North Fork of the American River. When about midway over the bridge I cast my eyes down towards the shore of the river, and there leisurely walking up the stream

I saw a huge grizzly bear, apparently searching for fish in the shallow pool where they had been stranded in a recent freshet. The old fellow had not yet seen me, so I quickly secreted myself behind the railing of the bridge and watched the monster with curious emotions. He was about 10 rods down the stream, exactly where I must go on my way to Colfax. I watched the sun as it mounted towards midday, and the bear whose slowness tormented me. At length he slowly waddled past the end of the bridge and slowly moved up the river. Not daring to rise up, I slowly crept on my knees to the top of the ladder that was fortunately placed on the lower side of the bridge. A high boulder which lay at the water's edge, hid for a few minutes his bearship from me. I slid quickly and quietly down the ladder, and climbing up a ledge of rocks about ten feet high found myself in the broad plain trail that led to the Colfax station. I had no means of telling the exact time of day, but knew I had no time to lose, so I started upon the run having six miles yet to go before reaching the railroad. I was pressing on with all my might, had come within sight of the road, as the whistle blew for the final departure. In a moment it swept around a bend of the road, right before my eyes. I yelled with all my might, swinging my sachel over my head. The brakes fell, the train slowed, I was pulled aboard and arrived at Sacramento before sun down.

After I had related my adventures with the old grizzly, and told the passengers who I was and in what business engaged, they took up a liberal collection for me, expressed by resolution warm commendation of my work, and hoped to see me again when I could tell them that the University had been completed.

I have visited these points since that day, and the people of

that region have always been found staunch friends of the University. Some of their children have been members of the student body at nearly every semester, and their generosity has always been shown in every emergency through which it has passed. You will look in vain for purer or warmer friends than has come to us from Sacramento and the mining towns along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. I rejoice to-day that it fell to my lot to plant some of the seed from which some of this rich harvest has been gathered.

CHAPTER XV.

The Light and Guide of Humanity.

No starlight of evening or sunlight of day,
Can guide the lone pilgrim along the dark way,
For his thoughts ever spurning his footsteps are turning,
From heaven's highway.

Tho his heart is now fainting and ready to die,
He need not despair, there is light in the sky;
Let his faith now behold it for Prophets foretold it,
In ages gone by.

There is power in its shining to banish the night
Of all who are willing to walk in the light,
In its beams there is healing and heaven revealing,
That gladdens the sight.

Why, then, need we dwell in a midnight of gloom,
Or in the dark valley of shadows now roam,
While the light here is beaming, its radiance is gleaming,
To show us our home.

From the chamber of death it has banished the gloom,
And shed its bright beams in the dark, silent tomb;
The chains now are broken which gives us the token
Of immortal bloom.

Turn your eyes to the heavens where gates stand ajar,
And behold the bright beams as they shine from afar,
They shine in their glory and tell the old story
Of Bethlehem's star.

In its light we must walk if we ever shall stand
On the mountain of God in Immanuel's land,
And see the bright beaming that ever is streaming
From Bethlehem's star.

To millions more gone 'twas the day-star on high,
Undimmed as the cycle of ages passed by,
'Twas the light on the pages of prophets and sages,
Their guide to the sky.

CHAPTER XVI.

My First Acquaintance With the Klamath Indians.

IT was in the fall of 1861 that I received my appointment to the Humboldt District to take the place of Father Leahy, as he was familiarly known in the conference. He had been on the district two years and was highly esteemed by the entire church. His reason for leaving was not therefore on account of any dissatisfaction with his official administration, but was, as strange as it may seem, purely a race difficulty. In passing over the northern part of the district, it was impossible to reach the appoints without passing through the territory occupied by the Klamath tribe of Indians, who were considered among the most treacherous in all the northern part of the State, and the most dreaded by the whites, except it may be the bloody Modocks, who murdered Dr. Thomas and George Canby. These Indians had conceived a deadly dislike of Father Leahy, and had attempted to kill him by shooting at him as he was riding on horseback about two miles before reaching the little lumber camp called Trinidad.

To escape, Brother Leahy had been compelled to take an open boat, leave his horse at Trinidad, and, sailing around the headlands of the bay, reach his home at Eureka.

At the next session of our Conference, of course one of the most difficult places to fill was Humboldt District. Of course, the sober, grave and serious brother who had just come down

from those wild regions came in for a storm of jokes and witticisms, both in the Cabinet and on the floor of the Conference. All seemed anxious that the Presiding Elder of Humboldt District should locate as the Conference would have no one left to preach on "justification by faith,"—a favorite subject of Brother Leahy's. Thus matters stood until near the close of the Conference, when Brother Tonsey, who was then traveling the Napa District, dropped a remark that seemed to let in a little light on the perplexing problem.

"May it please the Bishop," remarked Brother Tonsey, "I have a man on my district that would do to take the place of Brother Leahy, if he would be willing to go. He has recently come to us from Oregon and is without question better acquainted with the Indian character than any other man in the Conference. He it was that warned Dr. Thomas and Gen. Canby, when they started on their foolhardy mission to the Modocks, a warning, if it had been followed, would doubtless saved to the country the lives of those two noble men. The man I refer to is now preaching in Vallejo, where he has also been serving as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Solano County. His term of office, however, in that office is now about to expire, and while I had intended to send him to Napa City, he would be available for Humboldt District."

So the appointment was made, and so the first steamer that sailed for Eureka carried myself and family to that delightful town.

After visiting Eel River Valley, and holding quarterly meetings at the various appointments, I mounted my horse for my first trip to the north, a distance of over 100 miles with but one

house where the traveler could find entertainment for the night. That was at "Gold Bluff," where the manager of a mining property owned in San Francisco resided. His name was Hall, and when I made known to him my object and mission, he received me very cordially, and during the long evening we talked over the troubles of my predecessor with the Indians, who resided about six miles further on, at the mouth of Klamath River. When I was about to retire for the night, I fortunately discovered the grounds of his confidence. While sitting with my back towards a door that led into a side room, I saw the door softly open and two little black eyes peering into our room. I knew at once to whom they belonged, for I had learned before that mine host was living with a Klamath Indian woman. But I said nothing and went to bed.

In the morning, I requested Mr. Hall to give me any instruction or advice that I might need in dealing with the Indians. I informed him of my experience with the Rogue River tribe and also of others living along the shores of the Willamette on the north side of the Calapora Mountains, and my ability to talk to them in their own jargon, which was common to all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Hall informed me that he thought I would have no difficulty, for, said he, the Indians are a good deal like other men in the world, open, sociable, generous men, who were willing to treat others as they desired others to treat them. I told him that was my religion, and I had practiced it all my life, even to the utmost of "whatsoever ye would," as the Master had said.

He further told me that the first question the Indians would ask me, in all probability, would be "*Wake cumtux Hall?*" or,

in English, "Do you known Hall?" He then said, "You are at liberty to enlarge on that subject as you may think the occasion demands, for really after our visit last evening, I feel better acquainted with you than I did with your predecessor after he had been my guest two years." I thanked him for his compliment, and expressed the hope that the fellowship that auspiciously began might continue to the end. I saw no more of the "two black eyes," and concluded to wait for a more favorable occasion before seeking an introduction.

In about 30 or 40 minutes I rode into the little village at the Klamath River, where I found about 15 or 20 Indians assembled to receive me. They had evidently been advised of my coming, and what their feelings or intentions might be I could only conjecture. I saluted them in the jargon, *"Vilayhaum six,"* "How do you do," but I fancied their responses were not very cordial. They met me, however, with the inquiry about my acquaintanceship with Hall, and after my assurance that he was my particular friend, they seemed a little more friendly. Their canoe to ferry me over the river was soon in readiness, and after depositing my blankets therein, tied the lariat to the bridle and in five minutes we stood on the opposite bank of the river. Handing them a silver dollar, the price of ferrying me over, I mounted my horse and hastened towards Crescent City, a distance of about 40 miles through a dense forest, where I arrived about one hour before sundown. About midway between the river and the place of destination, I met in the narrow trail a company of five Indians, all armed with bows and arrows, but on saluting them they gave me a loud whoop and returned my salute, and we were quickly out of each other's sight.

I remained about six weeks in the northern part of the district, holding quarterly meetings, and aiding Brother Cleveland, the preacher at Crescent City, in raising money for the purpose of making improvements upon his church, and in holding funeral services over two members of his congregation and uniting in marriage three others. Early on a pleasant Monday morning we took our departure for our home, about 110 miles distant, and only one white man in the entire distance. I braced myself for the weary journey, and with a warm heart, and tireless zeal, singing as I went,

"We lodge here in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro,
Till we our Canaan gain."

I had planned to arrive at the crossing of the river so as to get over in time to ride on to Hall's and stop for the night, but when arriving on the bluff where I could look down upon the ferry, to my consternation, not a boat could be seen. For the first time since starting on my northern trip, I felt completely nonplussed, but pulling myself together as best I could I dismounted from my horse, led him back over the hill, tied him to an oak grub, and went back to reconnoitre. Slowly the moments passed away, and when the sun went down behind the western hills, and twilight began to fold the forest in sombre gloom, not a solitary Indian had yet appeared upon the scene. You can well interpret my emotions while standing alone in the midst of a dense forest, not another white man nearer than six or seven miles, and surrounded by a numerous horde of savages, of whose feelings and purposes I was, as yet, unacquainted, but whose in-

stinct of dislike, not to say treachery and cruelty, had been so recently manifested towards my predecessor.

A man feels some relief, even when the probabilities are against him, but when he finds that all possibilities are gone he can find no refuge but in despair. One writer has said, "that an all-wise and omnipotent God is the usual and convenient refuge of the weak and foolish," but if ever I felt weak and insufficient it was at that supreme moment, so, crying out from the depths of despair, "O my God, help me!" I felt my mind quieted with a sudden gleam of hope, and quickly settled down to the rest of the night. The calmness of mind under the circumstances was a great surprise to me. Tying my horse to a little tree so as to enable him to graze on the luxuriant grass, I spread my blankets down under the sheltering branches of a fir tree, entered the domains of Morpheus, and prepared my mind to revel in the perplexing uncertainties of dreamland.

About 9 o'clock my quickened sense of hearing detected the stealthy tread of human feet near my bed, and before I could uncover my face a voice cried out, "*Hyas close moas a moas,*" "A very good horse. The moon was just rising over the distant mountains, and springing upon my feet, I saw an Indian close to my horse and holding the lariat in his hand. I quickly saluted him, and when he returned my salute, I felt quite well assured of my safety. He beckoned me to follow him, which, of course, I did, when, leading me a few hundred yards towards the river, he pointed towards a large wigwam and motioned me to enter. Of course, I didn't stop to debate the question with him, but crawled into the open door, which consisted of a round hole about 2 1-2 or 3 feet in diameter. Inside the room was about

10 or 12 feet across, and nearly circular in shape and dug about two feet below the surface. In the center of this excavation was a blazing fire, around which were seated four Indians, engaged in roasting salmon for their supper. They pointed to a bear skin and each one uttered a low grunt, which I was glad to interpret, "We are happy to meet you here." I knew very well the crisis had come, for I understood that the Indian will never molest one with whom he has shared his meal. That refinement of hypocrisy, savages the world over are never guilty of. So I waited patiently for the salmon to roast, and watched the movements of the Indians with eager solitude. I had never tried to eat salmon without salt, and, in fact, was not very fond of it in any form. But now I was not quite certain how it would taste. Presently one of the Indians, selecting a nice piece about the size of my hand, deliberately placed it upon a clean chip and reaching it towards we said, "Likee salmon?" Gnawing hunger may have had something to do in the matter, but I can assure you that every particle of the chipload of fish went down with a relish. When I reached out the chip for another piece, all the Indians gave a loud grunt, and one of them, reaching over, gave me a poke in the side, as much as to say, "Big belly."

But how to get out of the wigwam, after I had satisfied my desire for salmon, was now to be settled. The Indian who had conducted me down, as soon as I had entered, sat down in the door and during the entire evening without moving from his position. I had left my horse on the hill, tied to the oak scrub, and I felt anxious to know if it was still there. What if this had been a ruse on their part to keep me away, while others made away with my horse, saddle and blankets. So I intimated

as plainly as I could that I would like to go, but he kept his post. At length I got upon my feet, pointed to the door, but he seemed not to understand my meaning. At length, growing desperate, I made a rush up to his very face, when he quickly slipped aside and I as quickly slipped out into the open air, and hastened up the hill with all possible dispatch. I found my horse still unmolested and all my other belongings safe and sound.

It was now well on towards midnight, so, spreading out my blankets, petting for a moment my faithful steed, I laid myself down and slept the sleep of the just. The sun was well up in the blue sky when I arose in the morning from my couch, and descended to the ferry, where, after paying the Indians one dollar for taking me over, I mounted my noble steed and was quickly at the hospitable fireside of my friend Hall, where I remained until the following morning, when I hastened on my journey, and the next day was relating the incidents of my first trip on the Humboldt District. In my next trip you will find a strange admixture of romance, comedy and tragedy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Elected Chief of the Klamath Indians—Provided a Wife—How I Escaped From Polygamy.

IT was about the first of June, 1863, when I entered upon my second year on the Humboldt District, prepared to take my second trip to the north, which took me as far as Smith river valley and Coos Bay. Early one bright and balmy Wednesday morning I left my family at Eureka, expecting to be absent about six or seven weeks. My road led me around the upper bend of the Bay, through the quiet little village of Arcata, across the South Branch of the Trinity river, which I forded, and then on to Trinidad where I entered once more the territory of the Klamath Indians for the second time. Passing on about fifteen miles when I drew up at the hospitable dwelling of my friend Hall, where I found him and his dusky companion apparently occupying the same relation to each other as when I was here the previous year. Perhaps I ought to say at this point, that it was no uncommon thing for the mountaineers of Oregon and California, who lived in the vicinity of the natives of the country, to co-habit together a man and wife, a practice which was not only tolerated but encouraged by the Hudson Bay Company throughout the entire Northwest. But in justice to the Protestant missionaries I will add, that whenever a settler asked for membership in the church, before he was granted that privilege he was required to publicly renounce that relation and become man and wife. Others,

however, were not so particular, regarding this social relation more as a matter of commerce than one of religious duty.

This, my second visit to friend Hall, soon revealed to me a change in the feelings of the entire household, including, I was glad to find, both the dogs and the little squaw. All seemed genial and friendly, and seemed to indicate something good to come. As soon as we had finished the evening meal, which consisted of well-cooked salmon and home-made bread, we sat down before the blazing fire and spent a social evening which run close up to the hour of midnight. Hall informed me that the Indians at the ferry thought that I was *hyac cloas tilicum* (a very good man) and all danger had now passed away.

In the morning, however, when I arrived at the ferry, where I found a large crowd of Indians from the upper settlement, I felt a little suspicious, as Hall had not told me of any thing unusual among them. I soon learned that they had been called together in order to elect a new chief, as their present chief was very old and decrepit and would soon be gone beyond the great river.

I found these Klamath Indians in this crisis in their tribal affairs, just as uncivilized men have been in all ages and nations, more desirous of securing physical than moral qualities in order to build up and strengthen their own national or tribal fortunes. It remained for Christianity to bring into this world the ethical forms and forces of life to establish and perpetuate the progressive possibilities that resided in the scheme of human redemption by the Cross of Calvary. You may call this a refinement of spiritual philosophy if you please, but it was the thrill

that went quivering along the world's spiritual life-being when down from the cross fell the prophetic words "It is finished."

It was very plain to be seen that interest of the entire tribe was centered upon the selection of a new chief, and in a few moments after my arrival they paraded the young man whom they apparently had been training for that high position. He was, I should judge, about 20 years of age, well formed and with a pleasing countenance. From what soon transpired I should infer that the Indians' supreme test of fitness had not yet been applied to him, for they at once formed a circle around me, they led him up near to where I was standing and at once exclaimed, "Hello, there. You like to wrestle?" They at once enlarged the circle and inclosed the young man and myself within it and there was no escape. To run was impossible, so to wrestle was the only alternative. So I threw off my coat and hat, walked into the center of the ring, and squaring myself in true pugilistic style, motioned the young man to come on. He seemed eager for the encounter, and the best of feeling seemed to pervade the entire crowd. We seemed about equal in size and weight, but there was one secret I possessed that he had not yet learned, and that was the difference between flesh and muscle made by eating salmon without salt, and of that accumulated by the use of animal and vegetable food. The first was flabby and unwieldly; the second was solid, elastic and substantial. I was not long in putting my superior knowledge into practice, for in less than five minutes I had tumbled the young fellow over, and once threw him squarely over my shoulder and letting him down with a terrible thud. This seemed to decide the contest, for running up to the young man they hustled him about, all the time ex-

claiming, "You no chief! You no chief!" All the time crying, "He our chief! He our chief!" pointing to me, and dancing like mad!

The man seemed to take it all in good humor, thinking that a change of dynasty might be of some benefit, even to the Tribe of Klamath Indians. The whole matter was quickly arranged very much as it seemed to the satisfaction of the entire tribe, including the young man who had been defeated, he thinking, perhaps, that when I was inaugurated I would make him my Prime Minister.

As soon as the election was over, and the matter was finally settled that I was to take the place of the old chief as soon as he should pass away, the Indians ferried me and my horse over the river, and I mounted and speeding my way over the hills and through the forest, arrived at Crescent City about sundown. I spent four weeks attending my quarterly meetings in the upper portion of the district, and then, once more prepared to retrace my steps to my home at Eureka. Taking leave of Brother Cleveland and his kind-hearted people, and by their aid measuring correctly the state of the tides along the ocean beach, I arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at the crossing of the river, where I found that during my absence the old chief had died, and, consequently, the last obstacle to my ascending the throne had disappeared. I was about to congratulate myself on my good fortune, when, alas, I found that my troubles had but just commenced. I learned, when too late, that the old saying was true, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The Indians were greatly delighted to see me, and appeared exceedingly anxious to know when I would come back and "*cumtux*

na na," which, in white man's vocabulary, means, "Deliver my inaugural address." I told them I intended to return in about 4 or 5 weeks. They seemed greatly delighted at the prospect, and, coming close to me, all yelled, with all their might, "*Nyas close,*"—very good. Then in a milder tone of voice, they informed me that when I came back they would bring down for me one *hyas Clase clulchamun,*—a very good wife. Oh, horrors! I had now put my foot squarely into it, and how it was to be got out was to me a profound mystery. But, believing that man's extremity is God's opportunity, without regard to "race or color or previous condition of servitude," I held my peace and waited developments. I soon took leave of my tribe, and went on to my friend Hall's and spent the night with him and his squaw, both of whom seemed, by their pleasant quizzical looks, to know more than they were willing to tell.

Usually, after a tiresome ride of 40 or 50 miles, in five or six hours, I gladly welcome the time devoted to rest, and find purest pleasure in meditations and dreams. But now, all seemed mysterious and perplexing, and my mind seemed agitated and bewildered. I could see no way by which the conflicting interests of all parties could be reconciled, and a slight mistake might plunge me into a tragical disaster, unable, therefore, to be entertained myself, or to entertain others. I concluded that the safest course to pursue was to turn my steps towards the quiet, peaceful shelter of my own home. So, as soon as the sunlight had proclaimed the advent of morning, I was up and in the saddle, measuring off with rapid strides the 40 or 50 intervening miles. When the sun had crossed the meridian about two hours, I drew

rein at my own gate, and bright eyes and shrill voices proclaimed me welcome to a pleasant fireside.

In a few days a message was placed in my hands from Dr. Thomas of San Francisco, Editor of the "California Christian Advocate," requesting me to come down to the city as soon as possible, and meet the Board of Trustees of the University of the Pacific, but did not state definitely the purpose for which I was desired to meet them. So another mystery must now be added to those already perplexing me, and seemingly casting over the future a still deeper gloom than ever before. I had but two words to express my emotions and purpose, and exclaiming, "Who knows?" I boarded the first vessel that went out of Humboldt Bay, and sailed for the Golden Gate.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the University a few days after my arrival in the city, I was elected "Field Agent of the University of the Pacific." My work was of a somewhat special character, being devoted to the selling of a tract of land consisting of 400 acres, extending from the Guadalupe River on the northeast to the far-famed Alameda Road on the southwest. This tract of land was situated about midway between the City of San Jose and the town of Santa Clara, and had been purchased by the Trustees with the intenton of removing the site of the University to a more central and convenient location. It was a part of an old Spanish grant, and the first, I believe, that was confirmed in Alta California, after the treaty of "Guadalupe Hidalgo." I entered at once upon my work, prosecuted it with diligence, lost my chieftainship of the Klamath Indians, *"clasc clulchmun,"* which I doubt not would have been an ornament to a Turkish harem.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On Visiting the Old Homestead After Thirty-five Years' Absence.

By the cottage that stands on the brow of the hill,
We pensively pause in our manhood to-day,
And the breeze and the sunshine refreshes us still,
As they greeted our youth ere we wandered away.

We hail thee! thou home of our boyhood's delight,
And sigh as we think of the years that have flown,
While the unchanging beauties that beam on our sight,
Tell of infinite Love, whose direction we own.

As the bright golden pinions of fancy now bring
The beautiful pictures that gladdened the past,
Our spirit will sweetly and tenderly cling
To joys that we knew were too holy to last.

We are listening once more to the sweet thrilling song
That fell from the lips of a mother so dear,
And while the soft music is floating along,
We feel she is truly and lovingly near.

How brave were the fathers and mothers who wrought
To conquer the lands where we flourish to-day,
How fierce were the battles their courage once fought,
To keep the sweet hopes that now beam on our way.

Our memory forever shall cherish the sod
That covers with green their beloved remains,
And ever our souls will be grateful to God
That the blood of such heroes now flows in our veins.

CHAPTER XIX.

A New Enterprise.

IN inaugurating a new enterprise, the success of which depends to a large extent upon the integrity and stability of different agencies, not clearly, and fully moved by a kindred impulse and an equal intelligence, men must be ready for emergencies that may, at almost any moment, shift responsibilities from one place to another, and from one class of environments to those entirely dissimilar, both in nature and potency. This is true, especially true, when our ideals have been created for different purposes, and by habits of thought. In no part of our country has this been revealed more than in California in the early years of its settlement by the Americans. What it is today, is, to a very great extent, the harvest that sprung from the seed that was sown but yesterday. Distinct and positive nationality is usually a plant of slow growth, and the history of the race shows that centuries have been needed to give such character and form. But here we have been expected to create a nation in a day.

On coming down from the mountains, where I had realized marked success in collecting money to defray incidental expenses, such as the payment of the salaries of teachers and local agent, I gave to the Board of Trustees a frank statement as to the policy I thought ought to be pursued in order to attain the object for which I had been elected field agent. I gave it as my solemn con-

viction that if we can make the original purpose for which we had purchased the 400 acres of land, called the "University Grounds," we must enlist the ministers in the work of taking up collections, while the Agents should devote their first attention to the selling of the lands, that the work of prospecting and developing mines was in the hands of speculators and men without families who had put off to a more convenient season the work of rearing and educating a family.

Fortunately, the Board of Trustees at the time had at its head several men of practical business experience and enterprise, who worked cheerfully and earnestly to carry out this policy. Hon. Annis Merrill of San Francisco was the President and Dr. Hayden of Santa Clara was the Secretary of the Board, the former a lawyer and a man of considerable wealth and influence in business circles, the other a practical farmer and horticulturist, one of the Pioneers in fruit growing in the Santa Clara Valley. Among the ministers we could name Edward Banister, M. C. Briggs, S. D. Symonds, D. A. Dryden, T. H. Linx and others. In fact, we may say that without exception the entire California Conference at the time stood undivided and firm in support of the policy then adopted.

So the first stage of the work was over, the inspiration of the Master resting upon all; and with clear vision and undoubting trust all seemed willing and anxious to move forward. The local Agent, aided by the county Surveyor, proceeded to the work of laying out the University Grounds into lots and blocks of suitable dimensions. While the field Agent, armed with the same free pass presented to him at Sacramento, went forth into our beautiful valleys to induce the people to purchase the same

upon the favorable terms offered them by the Board of Trustees, which was one-quarter down, and the balance in three equal annual payments.

My trip into the country to carry into effect the newly adopted plan of operation was to the upper portion of San Joaquin county. The late Warner Oliver, who at that time was living near Lodi, threw himself with his accustomed zeal into the work, and went with me from house to house, until we had, in five days, sold between five and six thousand dollars worth of land, and collected one hundred dollars in money. Rev. J. H. Maddoc was our preacher at Stockton City, where, on Sunday we held a grand rally for the University, which added to our cash credits another one hundred dollars.

I need not give in detail the various places I visited, but at the next meeting of the Trustees all concurred in the opinion that the success of our land venture was practically assured. It was seen very plainly that the condition of society at the time we changed our method of operation appealed so obviously and directly to the wants and ability both of the people and of the University that all doubts and uncertainties seemed to disappear, and without a discordant note the Trustees said to the Agents, "Say unto the people, 'Go forward.' " The preachers also cheerfully and efficiently co-operated with those who were more directly engaged in the field work, and we found that there had been sold during the year twenty thousand dollars worth of land, mostly in single lots but in one or two instances, in larger amounts. Such was the interest awakened that at one time a company was quietly formed to buy up all that was left at the

price we had been selling at retail. Fortunately, we escaped the trap, and still live.

Since that day it has appeared in several instances that the desire to smother our plans for building up and establishing the University was altogether more widespread and determined than at first believed, and the note of warning which we sounded was none too earnest and none too often repeated. Local prejudices and rivalries were especially difficult to handle, being quite impersonal, and unscrupulous in the use of expedients for shifting of responsibilities. The experiences of personal friendship, which only designed to encourage zeal and activity in so desirable a work, was allowed to influence some real friends of the cause in their relation to each other.

It was at this stage of the work that the Trustees were called together in order to give the whole field a thorough and careful investigation, disclosing the fact that to retreat was a virtual impossibility, and our President of the Board, Annis Merrill, sounded the key note when, in summing up the case, exclaimed in the words of a celebrated captain, "The old guard can die but it never surrenders." The fact of the matter was, we had carried ourselves at one lofty bound so far into the realm of success, that the easiest thing to do was to draw the cords a little tighter, let the locks of our strength grow, take our head from the lap of a fascinating Delila, bid defiance to the whole tribe of Philistines, and win. And that is just what we did.

A NARROW ESCAPE. A DREAM THAT COMES TO PASS.

I had spent about three weeks in Butte and Colusa counties and had met with gratifying success, especially in and about Chico, the home of General Bidwell, one of the most wealthy and

influential men then in the State of California, and then standing high in the estimation of National politicians. The cause of education, on this coast especially, took a very firm hold upon his mind, and enlisted his cordial and earnest co-operation. He had learned of our efforts to establish the University of the Pacific, and when I called upon him invited me to remain overnight and explain the matter more fully. This I gladly consented to do, and his practical mind during our conversation made many valuable suggestions in relation to the matter.

In the morning, when I departed for San Francisco, he requested me to call again and to be sure to keep him posted in reference to the success of our land scheme, and tell the Trustees to be of good heart, and they might even depend on his co-operation. On arriving in the city, I went at once to the home of the President of the Board, told him of my visit to Chico, and the pleasant words of cheer from Mr. Bidwell, and the general feeling of good will among the people at large. He listened calmly and attentively to my statement, and then replied: "Brother Hines, I am sorry to be compelled to state that I feel almost certain that we have serious trouble before us." I sat down completely stupefied. After a moment, I replied, "Well, now what has happened?" He replied that a statement just received from Messrs. Newhall & Polhemus, the parties from whom we had purchased the land, revealed the fact that we had defaulted in our payments and they wished the matter attended to at once.

After talking the matter over with the President of the Board, he and Bro. Briggs, who was present, thought that I, as Agent of the Board, had better call on Mr. Newhall and ascer-

tain, if possible, just how the matter stood. So, armed with a letter of introduction, I called on H. M. Newhall & Co., auctioneers and commission merchants, Sansome street. I deliberately walked into the office and handed Mr. Newhall my letter of introduction. He eyed it for a moment, looked at me with a searching glance, then blurted out: "Well, well, that looks a little suspicious. One of the best beggars in California, and the best preacher in the United States, that surely ought to be sufficient. And now, what do you want?" I told him that it would be at least two weeks before the Board of Trustees could be got together, and I wanted his promise that we should have that length of time in which to arrange the matter. Mr. Newhall gave me his promise, and the next train took me to Santa Clara. I went to see our Secretary, Dr. Hayden, who informed me that the Local Agent had just sent in his resignation. I then informed him of the condition of matters in the City, and throwing up his hands he exclaimed "What next?" I told him never mind the next, that will come soon enough. Go forward! As soon as our Secretary had taken a hasty glance at the situation I hastened to my home, and found the family all well. We occupied what was known as the Maltby house, which was the first frame house built upon the University grounds. Mr. Maltby had been appointed Indian Agent at Tulare and consequently rented his house already furnished.

After looking the matter over the first evening after returning home, I became satisfied that there was no time to be lost in ascertaining the exact status of affairs, and what, if any thing, could be done to improve the situation. Two weeks would soon be gone, and at any moment complications might arise that would

be certain to confuse and distract the minds of our people, and especially those who had already purchased our lands.

It was no easy matter at that time, when all the business pertaining to the University was in such an unsettled condition to adopt and maintain a settled policy, especially when surrounded by so many perplexities of a local and personal character. During the night, therefore, my mind became strongly impressed with a desire to visit San Jose, and several times I found myself startled by the force and vividness of that impression. So quite early in the morning I walked down The Alameda, which, by the way, presented a quite different appearance from what it does now, and when coming to the corner of First street, just opposite where the Bank of San Jose now stands, I met face to face with Mr. John Spence, who was keeping a small grocery store about the place where the Victory Theatre now stands. After a hearty, old-fashioned shake of hands, he requested me to call at the store before I returned home, for said he, "I have some good news to tell you." I told him I would go right back with him now, as such a thing as "good news" would be quite welcome to me at the present time. After we were seated, he remarked: "Brother Hines, I have sold my ranch (as he called it), over on the Coyote Creek." He owned 40 or 50 acres on the East Side as it was called, where the town of East San Jose now stands. Well, I replied, I hope you have done well by selling, but I always thought it a very delightful place. What did you get? "I sold it for $16,000 dollars in cash." You will now be able to enlarge your business here I presume. He replied: "I intend to put about one-half, or $8000 into the store and the balance I will keep for some other purpose."

I could scarcely describe my emotions while he was making this statement, but at its close I looked into his bright and pleasant face, and quietly remarked, I see it all now, you are the very man I saw in my dreams last night. He turned aside the joke by saying that the old patriarchs used to think a great deal of dreams, but at the present people preferred something rather more substantial. "But," said he, "tell me how you are getting along in selling the University lands?" I explained the complicated condition of affairs, the promise Mr. Newhall had made to me, and the urgency of the matter in view of the limited time in which we had to act. I requested him to hold the matter in hand until I could consult some of the Trustees, and we then would see our way more clearly.

About noon I went back to my home with my faith in dreams much firmer than when I visited San Jose in the morning. I went in the afternoon to see Dr. Hayden, our Secretary, who lived about one mile outside of the town of Santa Clara and told him of my visit to Mr. Spence, and the probability of our getting the money of him. He advised great caution, and said he would come to my house in the morning and we would go together and see Mr. Spence. He was on hand in time with his horse and buggy and we rode over to San Jose, highly elated with the prospects before us. We found Mr. Spence at his store, looked the whole question over together, arranged the matter in a satisfactory manner, secured the $8,000, the amount of the deficiency, drove out to the home of Mr. John Polhemus, who was attorney-in-fact of Charles B. Polhemus, the partner of Mr. Newhall in the purchase of the University grounds, took

his receipt for the same, and the victory was won and the land was saved.

When the amount of our indebtedness was endorsed on the contract by Mr. John Polhemus, and certified to by C. B. Polhemus, I went to bed and took a good long nap, and I don't think I dreampt for at least twelve hours; but still I believe in dreams.

As soon as the business was closed up and made secure, I wrote to the President of the Board, Mr. Annis Merrill, giving a detailed account of the matter, and advised him to immediately call a meeting of the Board, so as to secure their ratification of the whole matter, and have it spread upon their minutes. He wrote me at once, informing me that he had called the meeting to be held at his office in the city, and giving directions how to proceed. Suffice it to say, the meeting was held, appropriate action was had, and a certified copy of the minutes was given me to show to Mr. Newhall and Mr. Polhemus. And the work was done and it has stood the test for more than forty years. I kept a "diary" at the time, and thus find myself able to tell this story. Every other person who participated in those important transactions except myself, have passed over the great divide. I will just add that as soon as the Board adjourned I took the field again and sold enough of the land to pay Mr. Spencer his $8000, when he concluded to move to Los Angeles, where, I think, he lived until a few years since when he passed away.

CHAPTER XX.

First View of Potomac River.

We had tread the proud halls where the tablets had told
Of the words of the wise and the deeds of the bold,
When far through the vista in beauty was seen
A deep rolling stream with its bright silver sheen.

Of that stream in my youth my dear mother had sung,
And I thrilled at the words as they fell from her tongue,
And I trembled with fear as she told o'er and o'er
Of the dark, savage tribes that once roamed on its shores.

Who reads of the heroes that stood on thy shore,
Who thinks of the navies thy bosom once bore,
But feels in his spirit the swellings of pride,
While peacefully borne o'er the swift-rolling tide?

But brighter thy fame as the years roll along,
Shall live on the pages of story and song,
No river that murmurs its way to the sea,
Thou lovely Potomac, is fairer than thee.

While thy waters shall gleam in the sunlight of God,
And we hallow the Halls where our Washington trod,
Enshrined in the hearts of Columbia shall be
Potomac's fair stream as it rolls to the sea.

We will pray that thy bosom may never more feel
The tumult of war and the clashing of steel,
While the people who cherish and love thee may be
As gentle and pure and as peaceful as thee.

Great souls of the mighty look down from the sky,
And smile on these shores where our heroes now lie,
That liberty's flames on our altars may glow,
As long as Potomac's bright waters shall flow.

CHAPTER XXI.

Some of the Perils and Exciting Scenes of Pioneer Days in Oregon and California.

IT is undoubtedly the part of wisdom, and will add greatly to the knowledge as well as amusement and pleasure of those who are soon to enter into the toils and achievements of the early settlers of the Pacific Coast, to have placed in a tangible and reliable form the peculiar incidents and personal experiences of the pioneer settlers of Oregon and California. We have now arrived at our utmost limits. No more unoccupied territory stretches out beyond us, inviting the restless footsteps of the emigrant to make for himself and his posterity an abiding dwelling place. To leave to the uncertain utterances of tradition the most important and interesting period of our social and political life would be a positive calamity both to the future historian and generations that may come after us. To avoid this we have written these short sketches, which we have reason to believe will be acceptable to the general public and aid somewhat in creating the ideals for our future guardians and supporters.

It was about the middle of the month of August, in 1855, that we had occasion to make a business trip from my home in the central part of the Willamette valley to Jacksonville, a distance of about 200 miles. In making the journey our road led us for some 20 miles through a country inhabited by natives called the "Rogue River Indians." For a number of years they

had been manifesting a growing dissatisfaction at the encroachments of the whites in passing and repassing through their country, thus frightening away the game from their hunting grounds, from which they procured their living. These indians were unusually blood-thirsty and cruel and in several instances lone travelers had been waylaid and murdered while passing from one settlement to another. The people all over the country had been for some time looking for an outbreak, but in what manner it would come, there seemed to be no settled opinion. On the extreme northern part of their territory the white inhabitants had erected a block-house as a place of refuge in case of emergency, where the settlers could flee for protection until relief could be obtained. On the southern border about 15 or 20 miles distant the government had erected a fort called "Fort Lane," named after General Joseph Lane, first Governor of Oregon. Here was stationed a squad of soldiers well supplied with arms and ammunition, and ready to stand a siege of several months.

Thus matters stood, when I had ocasion to pass through the entire length of the "Rogue River Country" as it was called, riding on horse-back, and driving before me a span of mules, which I had purchased at Jacksonville and was taking to my home near Corvallis in the central part of the Willamette valley. I was entirely unarmed, and unprepared for either offensive or defensive hostilities. I had just crossed a small stream called "Cow Creek' and was slowly jogging along at the foot of the mountains, on the other side of which was the before mentioned block-house, when I saw in the road not a hundred yards before

me, two Indians, one armed with a gun, and the other, a smaller man, entirely unarmed, like myself.

Those who have been acquainted with the Indians of Oregon, especially within the territory of Hudson Bay Company, will remember that whenever saluted by a person meeting them upon the road, in the jargon or speech used by all the tribes in their traffic with each other, your safety from molestation or harm was assured. I had picked up many of their most common words, so when these two Indians came near enough to plainly hear, I cried out *"cla hoy em sex,"* or what in our tongue would be, "how do you do, sir." To my astonishment neither of them paid the least attention to what I said, or even deigned to look at me. You may rest assured I took the hint and kept my eyes riveted upon their movements. As soon as they had passed me about ten feet, the one carrying the gun paused, turned around and attempted to raise it to his shoulder. The other one at once seized the barrel and pulling it down, prevented its being discharged. Like a flash I seized my lariat, and struck the mules with all my strength. They both leaped forward carrying me in an instant behind a bunch of bushes. As I came out for an instant within sight of the Indians, they were still contending with each other for the gun. In an instant my animals leaped over a small hillock, and away we sped over the Cow Creek mountains, a distance of six miles, to the block-house. There was, or seemed to be, at least a dozen Indians and behind every bush, but I didn't stop to count them or to salute them in their native tongue. In about two weeks afterwards two teamsters, freighting provisions with four yoke of oxen to Jacksonville and Fort Lane, were waylaid and shot on the very spot where I had

met the two Indians, and thus opened one of the most bloody Indian wars that was ever fought on the Pacific Coast. And so close did I come to being its first victim.

CHAPTER XXII.

Returning Home From the East.

Thou fair smiling valley, I hasten to thee,
As the long absent sailor speeds over the sea,
That his vision may feast on the beauties once more
That deck the sweet fields of his own native shore.

Tell us not of the glories of city or field,
Or seek to allure by the pleasure they yield,
For naught have we found as we wandered away
Such beauties as crown thee, thou fair San Jose.

For thee will we banish all doubtings and fears,
For thee will we cease all our sorrows and tears,
No starlight of evening or sunlight of day
Can equal the brightness of sweet San Jose.

We will pray that thy temples may evermore stand,
The hope, and the joy, and the pride of our land,
That thy sons and fair daughters may never betray
The name and the fame of our loved San Jose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Composed On Our Golden Wedding Day

For many years we've sailed the main,
In fair and stormy weather,
Our vessel sometimes felt the strain
That comes with wind and storm of rain,
But still we stood together.

Before our faith each cloud would fly,
Like dancing wind-tossed feather,
And we could see, as they passed by,
Through rifted cloud the clear blue sky,
That promised brighter weather.

But how so e'er the sea might seem,
Or dark and drear the weather,
Our eyes would see love's beacon star
That beamed so sweetly from afar,
And held our hearts together.

To-day the voyage is almost o'er,
But we still sail together,
And pray that God may give each soul,
When death shall call, that heavenly goal,
Where sunlight shines forever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the Opening of the Rebellion.

When treason's hosts were marshalled on our southern sunny plains,
And their stirred ranks were marching to the sound of martial strain,
The first to heed the warning as it rang out there and then,
Were the sons of Massachusetts, and they all were laboring men.

Arouse, ye sturdy yeomen! flashed along the trembling wires,
Let the altars of your country blaze anew with patriot fires,
For Freedom's voice is calling you from every dell and glen,
To rise for her protection and acquit yourselves like men.

And they hurled the demon slavery from its hoary, bloody throne,
Inspired by truth and justice they restored to man his own,
For naught could stay the battle as it swept its fiery way,
Till all the suffering bondmen saw the light of freedom's day.

Hear ye not the muttering thunder as it echoes clear and loud,
See ye not the forked lightning as it leaps the rifted cloud,
'Tis Heaven's voice prophetic that proclaims the coming day,
When labor's host triumphant o'er this land shall bear the sway.

They would chain our bold Prometheus to the sturdy flinty rack,
And would bear his beating bosom to the tempests fearful shack,
But the fire he brought from heaven and bestowed with generous hand,
Still glows with radiant beauty on the altars of our land.

Again the notes of warning sound along our hills and plains,
Rise, freemen! save your country from corruption's fearful stains,
Not the bullet, but the ballot, now can make you feel as when
Sweet freedom rose and slavery fell by the power of laboring men.

CHAPTER XXV.

What Constitutes a State?

Pause now and learn what constitutes a State:
What makes a nation truly wise and great?
Do towering monuments that pierce the sky,
O'er the proud dust where buried heroes lie?
Do cities fair with gorgeous temples crowned,
Or busy commerce with its murmuring sound?
Is it the train that thunders through the land,
To bear our products to some distant strand?
Or the tamed lightning darting o'er the wire,
To bear our message on its wings of fire?
No—these may flourish with exulting pride,
Where virtue, honor, truth and right have died.
'Tis *men* we need, men of a noble mould
Who scorn to barter principle for gold.
Constant to keep a noble end in view,
And with unfaltering step that end pursue.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How I Destroyed the Des Chutes Ferry.

IT was about the fifteenth of June, 1853, that I received my transfer from the Genesee Conference, the territory of which then lay in the western part of the State of New York, to the Oregon Conference, which then embraced the Territories of Oregon and Washington. About the first of May my two brothers, one older and one younger than myself, had been appointed to the same field, and then had procured their traveling outfit and were headed overland to their future place of Missionary toil in the State of Oregon. When they left my home, which was in the city of Warsaw, Wyoming county, N. Y., I had no expectation of ever seeing them in the world again. When I received my transfer it was entirely unknown to them, as they were then nearly one month out on the plains, headed for the Pacific Coast with their slow-moving ox teams. Without being able to communicate with them, I received instructions to be ready to sail on the 20th of June on the steamer Illinois, Capt. Patterson, at 4:00 o'clock P. M.

I was on hand promptly, with my family, and was the veriest land lubber on the earth, for I had never seen the ocean, though born and reared in the State of New York. We steared away for Kingston, Jamica, where we took in coal, then went away across the Carrabean Sea to Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama. At Aspinwall we took cars for Gargona, on the

Chagres River, but a span of the bridge over that river having been carried away in the flood of a few days previous, we were compelled to take open boats and be rowed six miles by naked Indians to the little town of Cruses, where we were to tarry for the night. About midnight, we were startled by the cry of fire, which swept through the town and destroyed every hovel in it to ashes in less than two hours. Here were about 100 passengers, without shelter, waiting for daylight to arrive and show their deplorable condition. The women and children were permitted to occupy one of the frame buildings of the Railroad Company, and nearly all of them were provided with hammocks, where they swung themselves up for a little rest.

This, at that time, was the terminus of the railroad, and the balance of the way to Panama, which was about 12 or 15 miles, was to be traveled on mules, all but the children, who were carried on the backs of naked savages at five dollars per head. We had some trouble with mules, but at last all was ready for a start. It seems that the mule business was controled by the Railroad Company, and there was a terrible scramble after the best mules. At last all were quite well satisfied and we moved on and at about sundown we entered the ancient city of Panama. It looked, I have no doubt, much as it did in the days of the Montezumas. The next day was the 4th of July, which we celebrated as best we could. We had several speeches, sang several patriotic songs, had a good dinner.

The next day we went aboard the fine steamer *Golden Gate* and sailed quietly over the bright and placid waters of the mighty Pacific, and in due time cast our anchor at the foot of Jackson Street, in the struggling city of San Francisco. Then there was

no street above Powell, nor below Sansome. There was a graveyard about where the Baldwin Hotel now stands, and dogs were chasing jack rabbits where the Palace Hotel now stands. I remained in San Francisco about one week, stopping with M. C. Briggs, the pastor of the Powell Street Church. Except the little Bethel, where William Taylor preached to the sailors, this was the only Methodist church for quite a number of years.

We went on board the small steamer *Columbia* and sailed out of the Golden Gate about the 13th of July. We crossed the storm swept bar of the Columbia in safety, and, sailing up the broad river, where the majestic fir forests crept down to the waters, and turning 12 miles up the beautiful Willamette, tied up our little steamer in front of the prospective metropolis of the North.

Our journey was ended. The varied scenes and checkered scenery through which we had passed had made a deep and lasting impression upon our minds, and I felt eager to acquaint myself with the field where I expected at that time to pass the remainder of my life. Everything seemed new and so roughly primitive in style that I questioned my power of adaptation, and felt at times a little feeling of homesickness creeping over me. But this I would shake off, and rush out into the field or forest and address myself to some enterprise that would tend to build up and beautify my new and future home.

About the first of August, the emigrants began to arrive from the plains, wearied and sometimes sick, and many of them disheartened on account of the loss of teams and wagons during the journey, and the worst of all the death and burial of friends in the desert. Sometimes it was a husband, sometimes

a wife, a son or a daughter; sometimes both husband and wife, leaving a number of orphans children to be cared for by strangers, or wander without care, ragged and destitute and forsaken, themselves to perish in the wilderness. No pen has ever been able to adequately describe the terrible sufferings of those early emigrants during the ten years succeeding 1850. Having crossed the Isthmus of Panama, I had a few weeks to spare before the bulk of the emigrants began to arrive, and nothing could exceed the terrible sufferings I witnessed amongst the first arrivals from the plains. Frequently a solitary horseman would arrive, bringing news of some special disaster, and the settlers would pack several horses and mules with provisions and clothing and hasten to their relief.

When I arrived at Portland in the Autumn of 1853, I found myself confronted with an unusual number of such scenes, and I soon exhausted all my surplus means, in efforts for their relief, and then began to work for wages in order to be able to accomplish more. As soon as the first emigrants began to arrive in the settlements west of the Cascade Mountains, I began to seek information in regard to my brothers, three of whom had left St. Joseph, Mo., in the early Spring. I found they had begun to arrive quite freely at the Dalles, then the head of navigation on the east of Hood River, where it empties into the Columbia. There were but a few permanent buildings there at that time, but a large number of tents, where traders kept supplies during the emigrant season, and bought up cattle from those just in from the sage brush plains, especially from those whose cattle were run down and were thought to be unable to cross the Cascade Mountains to the grass covered plains of the

Willamette Valley. It will be remembered that at the Dalles the river branches, one branch leading down the Columbia River, around the Cascades on the west about two miles, then across the tongue of land between the Columbia and the Willamette to the City of Portland.

At it was uncertain which route my folks would take, I was advised to go up to the Dalles and await their coming there. So I took the advice, and, traveling the usual route in about twelve hours, arrived at the place of destination. I put up with a friend with whom I had become acquainted in Portland, and sought his advice in regard to my future movements. About midnight, we were aroused by a voice at the door of our tent with the inquiry, "Is there any one in the place that can perform the marriage ceremony?" He was answered in the affirmative by my friend and told that inside the tent there was a Methodist preacher who could attend to such matters when desirable. A few words explained the situation. There stood a neat and gentlemanly appearing young man, and at his side a blushing damsel of about 18 years of age. The young man said they were all from Missouri, were all members of the Methodist Church, and were camped miles out near the crossing of the Des Chutes River, and would be in town as soon as possible in the morning. They desired to be married without delay so as return to the camp before they were missed. I told them that I would require a clear, truthful statement of the exact situation before I would consent to perform the ceremony. They told me that the mother of the girl was willing and anxious for them to be married before their leaving home, but the father, who was of a miserly turn, was unwilling because the young man was

poor. To avoid the marriage of his daughter to this poor young man, he had sold his property and crossed the plains with his entire family. Such was the attachment of the young people to each other that the young man had taken the next train and had followed the girl across the plains. Last night he had made himself known to the mother and daughter, and had come in together to the business that they had so ardently desired. I then performed the ceremony making them man and wife. I then told them to return immediately, acquaint the mother of all that had happened, and I would be out early and have a talk with the father. They promised strict compliance with my request, and, shaking them by the hand, while a glistening tear-drop trembled over the fair, sweet face of the happy bride, I invoked the blessing of God upon them in all their future life.

Early in the morning, having procured a good riding horse of my friend, I rode out to the camp, and, speeding over the rolling prairie, soon drew rein at the door of the tent and asked to see the proprietor of the same. The father of the bride came to the door, and, with a quiet, yet somewhat abrupt, tone, asked what I desired. I asked him if his wife was in the tent, and being answered in the affirmative, inquired if it would be agreeable to them to hold a few moments' interview with me alone. He gave his consent, but intimated that they were in a great hurry, and wished the interview to be as brief as possible. I then related the events of the past night, and told him that if he would remain a few days at the Dalles, I had a friend there who would be able to give them some information of especial value to the whole family. I told him that I was out on the plains to meet brothers who had crossed the plains in the

present year, and I presumed would soon be in the Dalles. He said he intended to stop there for several days and he would wait there for my return. I told him that as we had all come a long distance, to build up homes in a new and strange land, we should strive to help each other as much as possible. Evidently the old man felt a little sore over the course things had taken, but I gained my point in getting him to wait my return.

They soon moved on into the Dalles and pitched their tent for a few days' rest, and to await my return, while I rode down the hill towards the Des Chutes River to meet my brothers, whom I knew could not be many miles away. When I arrived at the ferry landing, I found the boat had just crossed to the opposite side of the river, where alone there was a chance to rest before starting on the last 15 miles to the Dalles. On the opposite side, from a small elevation, one could see the road for nearly four miles away, and I was anxious to see if there were any trains of emigrants now at hand. So I called to the ferryman to come and take me over, and offered him the dollar which the law required. He refused to come, and told me to wait unto the next train came up and then he would come. I informed him that I had come all the way from Portland to meet some friends, and the next train, which was then about one mile away, might be the train, and I desired to meet them on the other side. He turned abruptly away, saying he could do nothing ror me. "Very well," I replied, "then I will help myself." I rode up to an Indian nearby, showed him a silver dollar and asked him to lead my horse over. In a moment he had tossed his lariat over the head of my horse and was dragging me into the river. He seemed to understand what I desired, and seemed to know exactly what

to do. They soon discovered what was going on at the ferry above, and offered to come over and get me if I would go back. I told them that I guessed I would wait until the train came up, then we would all go back together. We passed safely over, the water in no place being higher than the horse's knees. The stream having divided about 300 yards below the ferry, it was easily fordable on horseback. Strangers, of course, knew nothing about this, and the ferry people, by exaggeration and deception, had kept it a secret a great length of time.

As soon as I was over, I at once rode up to a little elevation, and there, right before my eyes, was the train I had come nearly 200 miles to meet. I knew them at a glance, but I was entirely unrecognized by them, although six months before they had left my house in the State of New York. So I turned back, and, riding down near the river, awaited their arrival. In a few moments, my elder brother, leading by the hand his little adopted daughter, the only child of Rev. Jason Lee, the founder of the Oregon Missions. They were walking leisurely along, searching for a suitable place to stop their wagons. I was sitting upon my horse not 100 feet away when they went by, barely giving me a casual glance. After selecting a suitable place, they started to inform the incoming team. This led them a little nearer to me. All at once, the little girl paused, looked up towards my face, her great blue eyes dilating with wonder and awe; she lifted up her little hand and cried out, "Papa! papa! come here! Come here!" all the time staring wildly at my face. Brother, no less excited than the little girl, cried out, "Merciful Heavens, Joseph, is that you, or is it your ghost?"

I guess the Des Chutes River never saw a more surprised and excited crowd than stood on its banks at that hour.

We were soon refreshed and brought to our senses by a cup of Aunt Lydie's tea, and we mutually agreed that no explanation should be required of the ghost who had a few moments before entered camp, as it had acted towards Aunt Lydie's tea just as the original did way back in the State of New York, until a more convenient season arrived. The entire company was called together for consultation, as a crisis evidently was near at hand. I had provided myself with about $20.00 to pay my expenses on the trip, not thinking that an emergency might arise like the present. In talking the matter over, I incidentally alluded to my adventure with the Indian in getting over the river, and gave it as my opinion that we had no use for a ferryboat. I told them that if they were willing to take the risk, I would guide them over the stream the same way I had come. I mounted my horse, rode over, showing them the marks I had made on the shore, and on my return all concluded to make the venture. My youngest brother, who, by the way, was celebrated as an expert driver, and had a well trained team, was selected to take the lead the the rest were to follow close behind. All were instructed that, in case of the upsetting of a wagon, by the swift running waters, to be sure to seize hold of some secure part of cover and not be separated from it, to roll up the curtains of the cover so as not to be caught under them. I put my lariat around the off ox which was the fartherest down stream. All being ready, the word was given and the long lash whirled over the backs of the oxen, the riders driving the loose stock pressed close behind and in just about 15 minutes after the wheels of

the first wagon had touched the run of the river, the last of our three teams had reached the opposite shore. Other teams came rolling up behind us, and others behind them, leaving a well beaten track, which revealed the deception of the Des Chutes ferry and numbered it with the things that were. A ferry has not been run there from that day to this, and in all probability never will be again, as a railroad bridge has been built a short distance above, and a well known ford is all that is needed for local travel, except in very high water. And that is the way I destroyed the Des Chutes Ferry. So perish all liars and deceivers, who seize on the gifts of God to man and strive to deceive and rob the people.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LINCOLN.

Thou sainted Lincoln, whose untimely end
Bereft a nation of its dearest friend,
To imitate thy virtues shall engage
The toiling patriot of each coming age.
From thee they learn to love their country's laws,
And die with pleasure in her sacred cause.
No sting of envy thy pure soul possessed,
No vengeful feelings burned within thy breast.
From chilling prejudice thy mind was free,
And suffering bondmen found a friend in thee.

No sordid end pursued, but firmly stood
For truth, and labored for the people's good.
While slumbering now among the silent dead,
A martyr's crown adorns thy sainted head;
And while we cherish what thy deeds have won,
We write thy name next to our Washington.

ONE feels lost and bewildered when one attempts to say anything new or instructive concerning Abraham Lincoln. His great and wonderful career, during one of the most eventful and critical periods of our national history, has for nearly fifty years been before the country in almost every form in which

genius or patriotism could possibly present it. His unique personality, his early habits and experience, his rapid elevation to the highest and most responsible position in our country, his official acts, while occuping that position, and the sudden and startling exit from it, can scarcely find a single parallel in the history of the human race. While bearing about in his form and features the appearance of premature age, yet he was comparatively a young man when elevated to the Presidency in 1860. This, when all collateral circumstances are considered, pointed him out to all thoughtful and discerning minds as being set apart by Infinite Wisdom for a special work in his day and generation, but also for the years that are to come.

Like all great reformers, Lincoln built better than he knew. It was necessary for him to learn the art of government, for by nature and patriotic impulse his life flowed on in perfect harmony with the eternal principles of justice and truth. He did not hesitate to spurn with instinctive dislike all attempts to compromise with falsehood and error. As highly as he estimated the friendship and work of Horace Greeley, and others of similar views, he turned a deaf ear to all their hesitating fears, and stood firm and confident in support of his policy to crush out the rebellion at whatever cost. He clearly recognized the fact that an order of sequence existed not only in the physical but in the moral and spiritual world as well, and that to attempt to ignore this fact to escape its operation would only end in ignominious failure. Like the Israelites of old, while standing upon the shores of the Red Sea, the only road to peace and safety was in going straight forward, he did not hesitate to lift up his voice and say to the doubting people around him, "Go forward!"

Contemporaneous testimony, coming from reliable sources, revealed the fact that Abraham Lincoln was a devout and religious man. While adopting no particular denominational formula of faith, he sought the companionship of those devout and pious men whose prominence and influence in the religious world was known and acknowledged in all lands. In addition to his being a great student of the Bible, he was in constant fellowship with such church leaders as Bishop Simpson, Bishop Ames, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Bushnell, and other great religious leaders of the day. He appointed and devoutly observed the days of fasting and prayer, and like Washington at Valley Forge, he often sought upon his knees aid and direction from the Supreme Ruler of nations.

What may be termed the humorous side of Mr. Lincoln's character is shown in his gift of story telling, which was marvelous in the extreme. By a simple anecdote, he would frequently settle a deep and perplexing problem, and throw a flood of light upon questions that had defied the skill and power of the most learned logicians. Sometimes men of undoubted sincerity, but perplexed by doubts and fears, would leave his presence feeling shocked and sorrowful after listening to a light and seemingly frivolous story, but a little time for reflection, and the one great purpose of his life would rise up before them in vindication of integrity and settled convictions. Failing at times, by the intermeddling of theoretical bores, a single humorous utterance from his lips would cut like a two-edged sword in putting them all to speedy and disorderly flight. Take for instance, his reply to a delegation who called to remonstrate against the promotion of General Grant, on account of his alleged excessive

use of ardent spirits. With that quizzical look peculiar to the man, he gravely inquired if they could tell him of the brand of liquor General Grant used as he "would be glad to send for a supply for some of his other generals." This settled the question and the committee retired. It is scarcely too much to say that, even at this early day, the life and achievements of Lincoln changed in a fundamental manner the moral basis of civil government. He raised it above the expediential basis of France, the aristocratic theory of England and Germany, and left it as an inheritance "for the people and by the people." The "self-evident" proposition of Jefferson has now received an additional illumination, and the divine supremacy of law lends its dominating power to all social and political relationships.

The "compact" idea of national government, as entertained by such master-minds as Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Douglass, went down when the well poised mind of Lincoln built his moral standard of social order, around which aroused humanity could rally and march on together for the redemption of the world. He made potent and plain the divine right of man to a civil government, but the divine right of man to govern he steadfastly denied.

As truly as Christ made incarnate the Spiritual Kingdom of God upon earth, so Lincoln incarnated the true ideal of civil government among men. He stands before us as the great High Priest of the Nation, and laid the willing sacrifice of the purple upon the altar of their patriotic devotion. So we close as we began, with the mystery of his personality still unsolved, but with the untarnished glory of immortal deeds as bright as the sunlight in the heavens.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Political Equality.

IT is so eminently right that under the principles of our government a woman's position politically should be exactly equal to that of a man (and the opposite theory or assumption is so wrong) that it becomes almost certain that when once the full realization of the justice of it is grasped by everyone there will remain no opposition whatever.

The doctrine of "suffrage for woman," as well as "suffrage for man," will come in time to be a very axiom, concerning which there can be no argument. The objections raised at present will be fully exposed as being as unreasoning and as contrary to sound thinking as are any of the fallacies in logic. After that they will be as easily overthrown whenever they arise as is the proposition, "two and two don't make four"; or this one, "two apples and three oranges make five peaches"; or this, "three apples away from seven peaches leaves four apples."

It will come yet to be fully recognized and acknowledged that "a government by the people and of the people" means just that, and does not mean "a government by and of a part of the people."

It will be seen that if "political power inheres in the people" and is an universal human right, then there is no possible logical way in which to deny that power to women, who are incontrovertibly people, neither more nor less.

In time it will be freely acknowledged by everyone that if governments must "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," then women, *because they are certainly governed*, by no means that can possibly be righteously devised are to be prevented from expressing that consent exactly as do men.

It will be seen clearly in the future, although it may fail to be so clearly apparent today, that if for one class of persons "taxation without representation is tyranny," then it is tyranny for each and every class of persons.

When it comes to be fully perceived that there is no way in which to exclude half the people from rights that are conceded to belong to all people, then it will be seen that there are no arguments to deprive women of freedom and equality, that may not be applied also to men. Such arguments simply deny the principles of our Constitution and Declaration of Independence; they justify tryanny and despotism; they take away the only title that any man holds to his own ballot.

When this is clearly understood and appreciated there will be no one left who will attempt to maintain such an inconsistent, dangerous and absolutely contradictory and impossible position.

At that time the objections and so-called arguments which are now from time to time presented will be no more heard of, for they will be clearly seen to have no bearing or application upon the subject of political equality, the ballot and the suffrage, or if they have, to apply with equal justness to men as to women. It will be recognized that the health or alleged invalidism of women is not a factor in the matter. Why should it be? It is not in the case of men. Our theory of democracy is not "government on the consent of the athletic." We nowhere read "Tax-

ation without representation in the case of sound lungs and trained muscles is tyranny," nor "Political power inheres in the people who train the gymnasium."

When the matter is rightly looked into everybody is going to acknowledge right joyfully that there is no sound reasoning in depriving half the governed, the taxed and the people of political rights, on the score that for them to earn their own living is to compete for wages with men, the same being unfair to the men. For everybody will see, upon hardly looking at the thing twice, that in depositing a ballot is in no way earning one's living, therefore voting women do not compete one whit more than non-voting women have already done and are still doing. In fact it will be seen that this whole matter belongs under the category, "working or not working as applied to women," and not in the remotest degree under the category, "voting or not voting as applied to women."

When it becomes fully enough recognized and acknowledged that the whole question of the vote for women is a question of right, justice and the consistent (and therefore necessary) application of the principles of the government under which we live, no more will be said about the necessity for each woman, or even for a majority of women, wishing and demanding it.

Does the right of slaves to be freed, and not enslaved of any man, depend upon a wish and demand upon the part of the slaves?

Does the right and desirability of school facilities for every child in the land rest upon the wish and the demand of the children of the land?

Has the right of women to a share in whatever highest

educational opportunities the country affords, existed only since every woman, or since a majority of the women, have wished and demanded it? So far is this from representing the case, that only the smallest proportion of women are concerned in that privilege and avail themselves of it. For every woman who avails herself of a college education, there are two-fold, four-fold, aye, ten-fold as many women demanding for themselves and their sisters the right of representation and self-government.

Why, at the beginning in this country, when the question of a woman's right to education first arose, it was not by any means a question of collegiate or university education. The question then was, "shall a woman be accorded that very mannish privilege and accomplishment, the power to read and write?" Be sure there were just as many opponents then as there are to the more advanced woman question to today. There was an almost overpowering fear that if women should be able to read in books they would misuse their powers and neglect their duties. With such a masculine fear as that in the air, do you suppose a very large proportion of women either openly or secretly advocated "education for women"? And when men recognize the right of a woman to a vote, and abide consistently by that recognition, they will themselves, without troubling themselves much as to woman's own attitude in the matter, advocate and demand political position for women. In those days how enormously will increase the proportion of the gentle sex who "demand" it!

An objection has lately been presented: "While woman remains the religious slave that she is, I doubt that it would be

right to put that dangerous weapon (the ballot) into her hands. I am for all reforms, but there are 50 per cent more women than men in the churches, these pious women all strongly under the influence of priest and parson. Now, if the ballot should be put in the hands of woman, I fear that religious persecution would be carried on upon a gigantic scale. Haven't Christians always persecuted when they had the power? If she is going to help the clergy fight the people in their just demands she should not have the ballot."

Perhaps it will be remembered that this same objection was very strongly presented in San Francisco a year or so ago.

The fact remains that our government is a government of and by the people; not "a part of the people." It is not a theory of democracy or popular government that people who would vote as you would, or as I would, or as someone else thinks proper, may have that privilege; but that all, equally, shall share political duties, responsibilities and privileges.

In some of the largest of the churches, and in some of the sects, there is seen to be a very goodly proportion indeed of men. Yet those men themselves are not disfranchised on that account, much less are all other men disfranchised because of them. Is a man who is a Christian less dangerous than a woman who is a Christian? If I mistake not, those Christians who persecuted for opinion's sake, when they had the power, in the darker ages of the world, were mostly men. The spirit of the time in which we live safely may be counted with. The fear of a religious persecution in California, conducted by ministers and women overly pious, may safely be dismissed as a grossly exaggerated one. Make woman less a slave outside the church,

teach her to rely upon her reason more, and doubtless she will become less a "slave" within the church. But all women who are periodically seated in churches are not slaves to superstition. There are many other elements in society fully as dangerous, and yet men are not disfranchised and made into a legally and politically degraded class because of them. That is not the theory, as cannot be too often repeated, upon which American government and the ballot rest.

Ah, the many "fears," which, existing in men's minds concerning women, are counted as valid reasons for depriving women of their just share in the dignity of a government of whose burdens they bear their full proportion. Women may not go to the polls once a year to express openly and worthily their wishes and opinions upon city, county and state affairs, all of which concern them as much as men. Why not? Because men "fear" that women would thereupon change from being women; would desert and neglect their homes; would adopt public lecturing as their profession; would go to work to earn their own living, particularly in some really remunerative way; that they would close up the saloons and deprive men of the right to buy drinks; that they would inaugurate a religious persecution in the state; aye, one of the "fears" of men that deprive women of a vote is the "fear" that they do not want it.

Most of these alarms are concerned with a possible future injustice or wrong which might happen to somebody. And yet there is no concern about a present injustice to millions of women—in fact, to half the nation. Because some people fear woman's goodness, and some fear her badness, seems in the light of calm reflection and candid reasoning but a poor argument for

maintaining that she should be prevented from being considered a responsible human being, with the same rights in the government under which she lives as are so carefully secured to even the least noble of men.

We let democrats make mistakes, and populists, and republicans, if they can; we do not confine the male ballot to those who never cast it wrongly or mistakenly; yet we relegate women, in their own eyes and in the eyes of "ignorant men and small boys," to a lower step or scale of civilization than that of the most uninstructed, newly-naturalized foreign citizen, just "for fear" she might make mistakes!

No woman believes that the millenium will come when women begin to vote. Men's votes have never been able to bring it about, so why expect hers to? But men's and women's together will be better than either alone. And the votes of good citizens, men and women, will outnumber those of all the bad citizens in the land, if only good men will do their full political duty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Classification.

The very thing we wish to know, and the thing which furnishes the key to the question under discussion, is, what is the difference between *moral* beauty and *spiritual* beauty? Why was it that the young man who was morally beautiful, was declared by Christ not to be spiritually beautiful? Why do qualities known by the same names and definitions in the one case and conection appear right and excellent and in the other wrong and defective?

Until these questions can be answered, it seems to us but little advance can be made towards a clear and proper classification in the science of religion. Confusion here leaves the whole question disjointed and superficial. The Bible is full of statements directing the mind to some fundamental difference in moral standing between the two charcters? What is it? In what does it consist? Our author should have answered these questions in his article on "Classification."

We fear that our author has made a very serious mistake in his effort to trace an analogy between the moral development of the natural man and the spiritual man. It seems to us that the same moral principles or elements must enter into the structure of the character of both. Whence then the difference? Is it not found in the different natural powers or faculties in man which is used in the apprehension of moral truth? Why is *love* the fulfilling of the law? Because love is the highest and most potent

element for assimilation of moral principles. Mere intellectual assent or belief never can touch the secret springs of life. But love makes the object upon which it fixes itself a part of our very selves. "The devils believe and tremble." But the devils never are said to love and tremble. They tremble because they cannot love, while knowing that their very nature must forever remain destitute of that moral faculty that can make them spiritual and give hope.

We should have been better pleased, and for that matter better instructed, had our author defined more clearly and carefully the line of demarcation between the fallible and the infallible in theology. To assert that "faith in *infallibility* is nothing but rank credulity," is, to say the least, stating but half a truth. If anywhere in the universe there is to be found the infallible, certainly it must be somewhere in theology. Infallibility belongs to *interpretation*, but *prophecy* belongs to *inspiration*. Inspiration is infallible, but interpretation is by the authority and intelligence of man. Hence the Apostle placed prophesying as the best of all spiritual gifts "but rather that ye may prophesy" is the noble climax that ended his grand and earnest exhortation to his brethern to covet earnestly the best gifts.

No one will pretend to say that there is no difference between believing in justice and loving justice, between believing in wisdom and loving wisdom, of believing in truth and loving truth. All, even the most unlearned, can see the difference at once. Here is seen the difference then between the natural moral man and the spiritual moral man. Love is the transforming power in the spiritual sphere. This is what makes perfect. Nowhere in the sphere of life can we find an element superior to

this. We can find morality without it, but not spirituality. Knowledge puffeth up, that is, makes men look very fine, but it is charity or love that edifyeth, or buildeth up,—"God is love," and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. "If ye *love* me keep my commandments." This, then, is the difference between the moral natural man and the moral spiritual man. The former is exalted by knowledge, the latter is transformed by love, or by God, for God is love.

"It is finished," Jesus said,
When in death He bowed his head;
"I my Father's work have done,
Glorified Him as the Son."

Seated on His Father's throne,
He the Kingdoms calls his own,
Purchased with His precious blood,
He would bring us back to God.

Always he is with us here,
Let not then our spirits fear,
He will ever be our friend,
Keep and guide us to the end.

He will teach us how to win,
How to conquer death and sin,
How to live from day to day,
Walking in the narrow way.

He that "overcometh" here,
Striving in his love and fear,
Shall upon His throne sit down,
Wear with Him a victor's crown.

In that house not made with hands,
There the throne forever stands,
Truth of greatest mystery,
God in Christ and Christ in thee.

No treacherous strains from Herme's lyre shall rise,
To close our Argus' ever watchful eyes,
When sage or hero shall their country serve,
Our faithful Clio will their fame preserve,
But let them never seek to soar too high,
Or like Icarius they may fall and die.

Who plans the tree must wait the circling years
Before the flower and golden fruit appears,
The pushing roots must feel the quickening power
Of careful culture and of generous shower;
Redundant branches must expect to feel
The painful pressure of the Pruner's steel,
And o'er symmetric beauty we impart
We add to nature's force the skill of art.

When Phaon's hand, by heavenly wisdom led,
The magic ungent o'er his body spread,
Supernal beauty glowed on all his frame,
Firing his spirit with a god-lit flame;
Admiring Sappho dropped her trembling lyre,
And sudden wonder checked the poet's fire.
So shall the expanding beauty of our land.
Touched by the plastic power of freedom's hand,
While joyful patriots viewing shall admire
Our altars glowing with celestial fire,
And happy millions shall pronounce her name
And spread the knowledge of her well-earned fame.

The shades gather round us, we lay down to slumber,
Our yesterdays gone and we heed not their number;
We dream of the happiness promised to-morrow,
But open our eyes on a heart-breaking sorrow.

Then again we retire to our sighing and weeping,
But our faith places all in the Master's safe-keeping,
When lo! all the gloom that our spirits enshrouded
Pass away, and we gaze on a morning unclouded.

Lo, we pass from our yesterdays into the present,
And we pause not to think it is gloomy or pleasant,
For hope spread her pinions and soars to tomorrow,
Where she never can see either sighing or sorrow.

So passes our life, whether waking or sleeping,
Calm following storm while joy follows weeping,
But all will unite to complete the glad story,
And add to the "weight" of eternity's glory.
"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path"

—"Psalmist."

Thou source of light! to Thee we raise
Our songs of gratitude and praise
For all Thy favors given:
But brightest, best, and most divine,
Is that which on our spirits shine
And guides our steps to heaven.

Now, Brother Markham, let us pause and calmly state the case,
Not every one that's swift of foot will surely win the race,
Not all the battles here we fight is given to the strong,
Not every man that has a hoe, will to that hoe belong.
Our Washington, when he was young, possessed a little hatchet,
And when he grew to be a man, he had a hoe to match it.
And Putnam, Stark and other men who fought our battle,
Knew how to plow and use the hoe, and feed their sheep and cattle.
Go tell your "lords and masters" then, who tread on nature's law,
They'll have a mighty funny job in pulling down our jaw,
And if they undertake the task of pushing "back *our* brow,"
They'll see how quickly hoe men here can raise a fearful row.
"The emptiness of ages" then is in the hoe man's "face,"
I think on second thought you'll find 'tis in another place,
For when your "lords and masters" come, we shut the door and lock it,
For all the "emptiness" in fear is "emptiness" of pocket.
"The whirlwinds of rebellion" was a figure neat and grand,
And we hope to see it sweeping on the sea and on the land,
Not the one that bringeth weeping, sighing, blood and tear,
But the "whirlwind" of the ballot is the one the rulers fear,
And now, my Brother Markham, let us give each other aid,
While we all march on together now in freedom's bold crusade,
And then your kings and rulers here will surely see and know
That freedom's best defenders are the men that use the hoe.

As we sail o'er life's sea to the harbor of rest,
While our speed may be swift or slow,
It is not the gales but the set of the sails
That tells us the way to go.

If our eye is fixed on the star above,
And the spirit is true and brave,
We shall know no fear when the tempest is near,
And we ride on the crested wave.

Though the winds may sweep o'er the ocean deep,
And the tides may come and go,
We must reach the goal by the set of the sail,
And not by the currents that flow.

Then steady the helm as you sail along,
Keep the pole-star ever in view,
And so you will feel some pleasure or weal,
You have done the best you knew.

Then when at last the voyage shall end,
And the haven of rest you see,
You shall know the hand that guided you on
Ruled the tempest on blue Gallilee.

It is easier to criticise men's defects than to emulate their merits.

Beware of the statesman who serves men for the sake of ruling them, but cleave to the one who rules men for the sake of serving them.

Eulogies and tombstones reveal the startling fact that "none but good men die."

He who believes in immortality makes the soul a star, but he who disbelieves in it makes the soul a candle.

We are placed in this world not to afford us opportunities for indulgence, but to be disciplined.

It is difficult to tell whether men display more folly in spending money, or in keeping it.

Beware how you attempt to get rid of one evil by exchanging it for another.

Unless men continually strive to make new friends, there will soon be nothing to supply the place of the old ones.

He who sees himself as he sees others will "see himself as others see him."

Placed side by side with the teachings of Christ, all worldly wisdom seems like driveling folly.

It is often difficult to determine whether it requires more work to move the world forward than it does to prevent it from going backward.

Remember you have two ears: while an angel may be speaking into one, beware that the devil does not whisper into the other.

The world is saved, not by trying to keep it as good as it is, but by laboring to make it better than it is.

The Christian can safely dispense with greatness, but he cannot dispense with his goodness.

Our faults are like our faces, more plainly to be seen by others than by ourselves.

No man need tell us he is happy now,
If sin has set her signet on his brow.

While we take warning by others' follies, others may be taking warning by ours.

Except the future take character from the present, there can be no motive for progress or security for virtue.

The radicalism of to-day will be the conservatism of tomorrow.

There are two things that man proves the existence of, God and the immortality of the soul.

When religious sentiment reacts against credulity, it will soon begin to react against skepticism.

By being too eager for fame, we are in danger of attaining infamy.

The more we learn to improve without suffering, the less will we be likely to suffer.

Naught can inspire to great endeavor
But hope which says, "We live forever."

Never turn away from the Hill of Difficulty lest you run into the Slough of Despond.

Never allow your imagination to borrow strength from your weakness.

It is not often that our reasoning measures up to the demands of our reason.

No man will be likely to be saved unless he thinks he is worth saving .

He who thinks troubles worse than they are makes them worse than they need be.

We will raise our standard higher as our souls receive the light,
And our faltering footsteps quicken in the pathway of the right,
And the nations that have doubted us and called our doctrines wrong,
Shall see when freedom touches man it makes him wise and strong.

And what we find we ought to be, and what we are without,
We will all unite together now to bring it all about,
So that freedom's radiant banner that our fathers once unfurled,
Shall shed its beams of promise on the nations of the world.

Men grow old, but mankind is always young.

The Eastern Sages used to say,
However bright or dark the day,
"This, too, will quickly pass away."

While we cannot be too good, we may be too scrupulous; to extinguish a burning house, we may sometimes find it necessary to break down a door or a window.

Curable evils requires energy to overcome and destroy them, incurable ones require patience to bear them.

While God expects us to make mistakes, He also expects us to profit by them.

While the order of nature is fixed, prayer may enable us to see that order and work in harmony with it.

Wisdom is the essence of knowledge. It is distilled in the retort of experience and gathered in the vials of patience.

One of the worst things we can do it to do nothing.

Many an ambitious man, like Sisyphus, toils and struggles to roll a stone up the hill, only to see it roll back again after it has reached the summit.

Our progress in wisdom will be slow if we fail to see that there are examples to be shunned as well as examples to be imitated.

The church that worships relics only show that in their estimation the finger of a dead saint is better than the soul of a live one.

Wisdom is cheap at any price, but nothing so dear as vice.

Virtue makes a weak man strong, but vice makes a strong man weak.

The best and surest way to help others is to show them how to help themselves.

God's grace is always proportioned to our efforts, hence he saves us by showing us how to save ourselves.

Inspired writings must have been inspired readers. Inspiration only can comprehend inspiration.

Good sense about common things is known among men as "common sense."

When there is but one side to a question, the fool generally takes the other side.

The wise man will not only train himself by examples to be imitated, but also by examples to be shunned.

If men would have their rights respected they must see to it that they are protected.

Whose walk is heavenward, when his body dies,
One single step transports him to the skies.

We never can build a heavenly mansion after an earthly pattern. All our efforts will be but "castles in the air."

The good in us and the good in the world around us grows by small accretions; so also evils wear away by small diminutions. To seek with constant solicitude the final supremacy of the former, and consequent destruction of the latter is not only the desire of the wise but also the will and purpose of God.

It is not enough to do what we may thing to be right. We must first learn what *is* right. The bigot will do the former, while it leaves him a bigot still; while the wise man will guide his footsteps by the light of intelligence and find exaltation and safety.

The enthusiast is the man who talks against evil, and then acts in harmony with it.

There is nothing that so elevates and strengthens the human mind as to feel and believe that we are moving along in a direction ordained by Infinite Wisdom towards an end worthy of an Infinite Intelligence. No careful student of American history, it seems to me, can fail to see this, in a special and prominent degree, has been the case with our own country. Suppose the march of American civilization had begun at Florida instead of at Plymouth Rock.

Everything we see in the universe around us seems to cover or conceal some great mystery. Thus it is that ten thousand voices are constantly telling us of a yet to be.

Evolution placed man by a slow and seemingly tedious process at the head of the animal kingdom, but personal consciousness was the direct spontaneous gift of the Creator. "Let us make man after our image." Moral life was the gift of God and not the product of evolution, as taught by Herbert Spencer and others.

We must not begin the present century by drawing around our minds the dark mantle of doubt or despair. We may rest assured that the world can never settle down again into the repose of indifference, or fall asleep in the lap of evil and slavery. It has had a vision that it will never forget. It has caught a glimpse of a bright concourse of forces which slowly but surely are converging to one grand control point, will surely open up to humanity a brighter and a better day. Said Jesus, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it bear no fruit." Death is the condition of perpetual resurrection.

The true value of all organized labor, whether in Church or State, is to bring the real up to the ideal. The principle of Christianity is not a doctrine, but a religious experience, "until Christ be formed in you."

What, let me ask you, is the source of all rational strength? *Is it not faith?* "Without faith it is impossible to please God!" Whatever we approach, whatever we touch, whether our purpose be to appropriate or change we can only fortify and strengthen our hearts for the struggle and toil by the power of a living faith.

We should always remember that every thing that now is, has come out of the things that have been, and that all things that are to be, must come from things that now are. This is the evolutionary order of creation and the law of continuity of being. This principle also reveals the Divine order of Sequence which prevails alike both in the natural and spiritual world.

It would seem at first view a trivial and unimportant thing for the Redeemer of the world to pause in his stupendous work and turn aside to mingle for a day or an hour in social fellowship with that ideal household in the little village of Bethany. But we have learned that no act of his life has so touched the heart of humanity as this, or gathered around it a more sublime moral power. The gentle and loving reproof uttered in the ears of the prophets, the solicitude of Martha for the pleasures and proprieties of the passing moment, and the sweet approving words that held the loving Mary at his feet in eager quest for the knowledge of the higher and more enduring, has done more to elevate and sanctify womanhood than all the fine-spun theories that human philosophy has ever spoken or written in praise of social and domestic duty and fellowship. The former has brought to the heart light and joy and hope, the latter toilsome drudgery, discouragement and sometimes despair.

May freedom's temple in its beauty rise
And court the favor of the bending skies.
May men and angels join in glad acclaim,
To tell the glory of its deathless name,
And every eyes behold in every land
Freedom and justice, walking hand in hand,
And read along the flaming vault of heaven
Triumphant truth, the last impression given.
Increasing wrong will spread our country o'er,
And we shall fall as others fell before.

I think we may truthfully say that in many respects the early settlers of this coast were unique in their personal characteristics which they exhibited, the ideals which they followed and the types of manhood which they sought to develop and exhibit. The struggle through which they were called to pass, while it sharpened and brightened their intellects, did not blast and deaden their human sensibilities. By sheer force of ability many of them won a large measure of success, even as success is now measured in this stirring and commercial age. The highest hopes we can cherish at this day and hour of our State's history is, that the bright and noble young men and women will in the sway they shall give to the years of the past will be able to fix their thoughts upon some noble example amongst our pioneer fathers that will be worthy of their affection and imitation, thus transmitting into a living, moving force these exalted elements of human character which alone can perpetuate those inestimable blessings purchased by the toil and sacrifice of the past.

A statesman who is worthy of name should have as deep and as profound moral convictions as does the man who ministers in holy things at the altar of God's house.

While strength and feebleness was the antithesis from which or by which the Greek philosophy realized the divine, sin and righteousness is the antithesis by which Dedeism and Christianity evolves the same idea.

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